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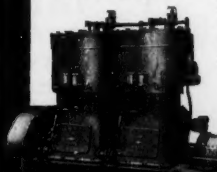
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The Delineator for June (OUT MAY 14)



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There's a lavish abundance of the helpful and the practical that is not found elsewhere. Take the June number, for instance: (Five million women of America will read it.)



To begin with—the Fashions, of course. More to choose between and better pictured than in any other magazine you ever looked at—and through them all the safeness of absolute authority as to Fashion's approval. There are two gowns shown that are destined to—but one can't describe them here. And the Hats, too!!!

A School of Beauty has never really existed before. The nearest to it are the cosmetic shops and the doubtful newspaper articles by alleged "Beauty Doctors" and the like. In "The Fountain of Youth" Dr. Grace Peckham Murray is showing that each woman may control her own beauty. This series is a revelation.



For Home Builders—a house that doesn't cost much, looks as though it did, and has artistic comfort built into every nook and corner of it. This is one of a series that doesn't deal with architects' dreams, but shows real houses, actually built—and illustrated with photographs taken after all the bills are paid.

There is much to interest the Child in this number—and as much more that will appeal to its Mother, as for instance, "Varying Temperaments in Children," by Mrs. Theo. W. Birney, Hon. Pres't National Council of Mothers. The tots themselves have half a dozen work and play stories to amuse them.



"The Joy of Living," is a series of thoughtful papers by Lillie Hamilton French, which has already given our readers much to think about. It deals with the different phases of home life. This month's article is about mothers with stay-at-home daughters, and both mothers and daughters will read it with interest.

"Around the World in Eighty Pictures" is the title of a series of picture-letters written by a young bride who is making the *grand tour* as a honeymoon trip. The letters are accompanied by a profusion of the most brilliant photographs we remember having seen. She is travelling through Manchuria in this number.



Rebecca Boone, the wife of the famous pioneer, had a life hardly less adventurous than that of her husband. Hairbreadth escapes and hardships innumerable were hers for many years. This is the second in the series of "Pioneer Women," and is an Indian story of the most fascinating kind—and a true one.

Fiction is here in plenty. "The Giver of Honour" is a Japanese love story of singular charm. Two college stories, "At the Window of Paradise" and "Bailey's Sister," bring the love-interest nearer home. The Departments are as fully treated as always—Club Women, Needlework—a score of other things.



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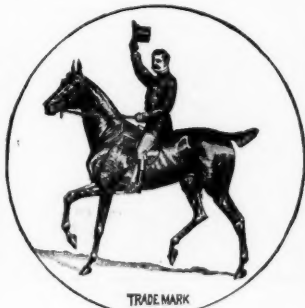
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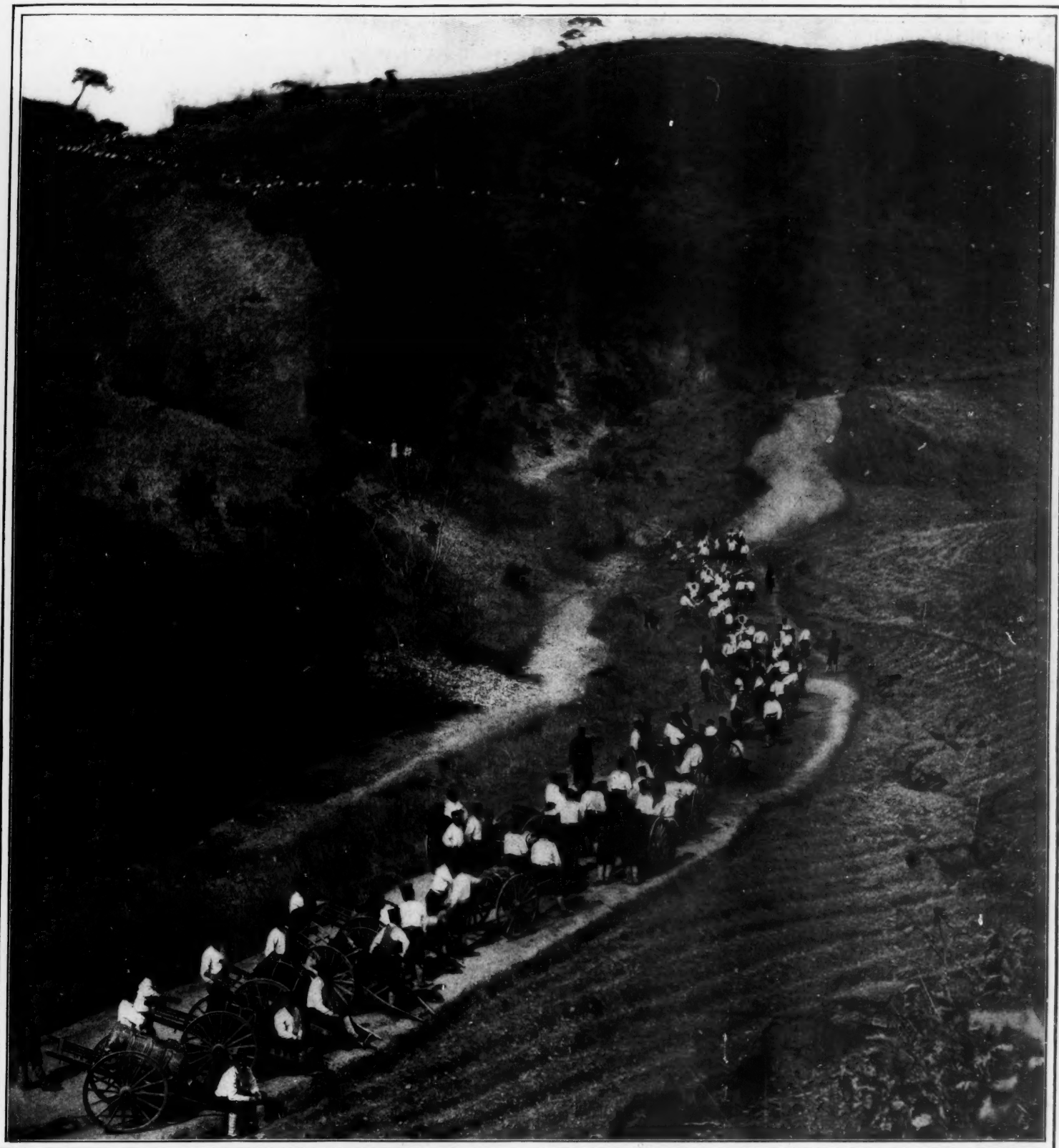
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RUSHING SUPPLIES FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY ON THE YALU

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

This photograph was taken in the middle of March, and shows a transport column resting in the defiles of the Tong Sari Mountains. Winter breaks and spring comes with astonishing swiftness in this region, and these troops, a few days before toiling through snowdrifts and over frozen trails, have stripped off their coats, and appear to be in summer marching gear. In place of the wagon transport of other modern armies, the Japanese use small two-wheeled carts which can be drawn by ponies, or by man-power, as occasion favors. Food, clothing, ammunition, all the hundred and one items of supply for an army, from tent-pegs to shoes, are packed in small matting-covered packages of uniform size, ready to pack or cart. Instead of a vast litter of all sorts of material at a transport depot, or on steamer or wharf, the Japanese

army supplies are carefully numbered and piled, each of the small packages having a handle. This is one of the reasons why the bold advance through Korea in mid-winter was so successfully carried out. Under the same conditions of climate and terrain, the Russians in Manchuria have been hampered by the fact that the troops could move no faster than the wagon-trains which were helpless in bad roads. The Japanese transport can move as fast as the fighting column at all times, and the increased mobility of action will be an important advantage in movements of grand strategy. The reports that the Japanese infantry have been rushing to the front in marches of from fifteen to twenty-five miles a day are easily credible when their transport system is as light as shown in this photograph



"ALL THAT IS HUMAN," says GIBBON, like many others before and after him, "must retrograde if it do not advance." Such statements are easily made, but a nation is often going backward in a hundred ways while it is going forward in a hundred others, and it would take an infinite mind to tell in which direction it was moving on the whole. Even any single point appears to one wise eye whirling toward the promised land, while to another flawless optic it seems plunging toward perdition. To a BROWNING almost any change is forward. To a TENNYSON it seems that through the ages one increasing purpose runs. A MATTHEW ARNOLD finds in nature a force that makes for righteousness. To other minds, like the author of Ecclesiastes, or the Persian Omar, progress is mirage, and man's history is

"A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from."

As in a universe or a nation, so even in a man, as he changes from one to another of his stages, altering his views, his interests, his activities, he will appear ascending to some friends and degenerating to the rest. If a man has typhoid fever, some acquaintances believe it will surely purge his system and leave him better, and to them a boil seems nature's happy way of withdrawing evil. A few acquaintances of ours, much too intelligent to respect Mr. HEARST, cheerily contend that the body politic and the Democratic party will be better for having suffered him. An old cook in our family, decades ago, when we were shining in our angel infancy, on being asked about her condition replied, "Very bad, glory be to God."

MOST PLATFORMS MEAN NOTHING. Sometimes there is significance in a plank or two. The Republican strategy this year will probably be to put the least possible meaning into the largest number of words, and stand on the record. We do not blame them. They are simply refusing to leave a ground on which victory seems assured. The Democrats are uncertain whether to say too much or nothing. The faction headed by BRYAN would make any statements sufficiently extreme and sufficiently unlike Republican policies. The majority, now centred around Judge PARKER, showed in New York that they fear, at present, to do more than throw paper bullets at the President. If they are to seem at once sincere and sane, it will be necessary at St. Louis to say explicitly both what they favor doing and what they do not favor doing to the trusts. Such a statement might be uncomfortably like President ROOSEVELT's position, but it could be at least plausibly argued that the Republican party as a whole is too closely tied up with financial interests to be independent in dealing with combinations. Here, also, is the only promising

PLATFORMS
AND TRUSTS

approach to the tariff issue, which could be resurrected in its bearings on the whole principle of special favors to the money power, and also on the side of reciprocity with Canada. Mr. WILLIAMS could write a plank, or a series of planks, about these topics, which would mean something, and which the people would accept as meaning something, whereas a document filled with the ordinary vague verbosity of such compositions could do nothing toward giving the Democrats a fighting ground. The American people have proved thus far that their common-sense is too strong for demagogues and agitators—those gentry who, as long as history has existed, have appealed straight to hatred. The people probably believe, nevertheless—a majority of them—that our present system allows to concentrated money illegal and unjust influence. They would embrace a man or party which could make them believe that he or it had really seen how to diminish the evil without disturbing those American principles under which we have lived with satisfaction for a century and more. For a just, intelligent solution we do not think they will ever accept as substitute the appeals to passion which have sometimes been successful in other lands.

THE SENATE IS AN ANOMALY, both in the mode of its election and in the distribution of its membership. Granting that we need a second House, State Rights has now become a phrase of so changed a meaning that it forms no excuse for making up the Senate in a manner so uneven. The composition of the second chamber was a device to protect the smaller States. Nobody could maintain that they need protection now, and justice, according to their size and population, they would have under a more even representation. The proposal to make Arizona and New

Mexico into one State, therefore, and Oklahoma and Indian Territory into another, was essentially unwise, and we are glad that the Senate Committee failed to report on the recommendation of the House. When action is ultimately taken, these large Western Territories should be let in as each a State. When they should be admitted is another question, on which, however, we are inclined to be liberal, because we think that a distributed population is more advantageous to the country than a congested one, and therefore a representation which encourages the development of large new Territories tends toward results profoundly desirable. Often it is taken for granted that population is the only just basis of representation. If that is so, the whole composition of the Senate should be changed. If not, then we see no reason why a congested island like New York City should have in the Senate a greater influence than some vast stretch of farming territory, which equally needs to have its interests cared for, especially as the denser centres inevitably have the advantage in the House. The next Congress should pass either a more liberal Statehood bill or none at all.

STATEHOOD

JOSEPH FOLK FOR PRESIDENT is a cry which shows appreciation of a work well done, but which shows an absence either of sense or of sincerity. In Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN, who threw out the hint in one of his two tempestuous scimmages in the House, we do not think the deficiency is in sense. He used FOLK as a handy brick to throw at PARKER. Two reasons would make the nomination of the St. Louis attorney absurd. One is general: that he has done nothing to show what kind of a President he would make, except to vote for BRYAN, with an honest indifference to financial questions and an equally honest instinct that changes were needed to make opportunity more even. Nobody knows what kind of a Cabinet he would appoint, were he President; what his view of foreign politics would be; how his mind would work on currency or the tariff. We know him only as honest, brave, and gifted as a prosecuting lawyer. The more specific and immediate objection, however, is much more cogent. Mr. FOLK's campaign for the Governorship is the direct and necessary consequence of his fight against corruption in the city. He became a candidate for Governor because he saw that in no other way could the corroding evil be removed. If he is Governor, we may expect laws honestly designed to destroy the industry of stealing the people's money, and the rigorous enforcement of these laws. If he should abandon the fight to accept another nomination with the probability of defeat, not only would he fail to carry on himself the stimulating and needed work of his own beginning, but he would inevitably hand over the Governorship to the very forces whom his victory would suppress. The Governorship goes either to FOLK or to the machine, the corruption of which it is FOLK's glory to destroy. To deliver Missouri to a predatory gang for the mere glamour of being the figure-head on a larger stage is an act which would be impossible in

THE PLACE
FOR FOLK

CONGRESS IS USUALLY JOKED when it retires, as well as while it sits. No divinity hedges the powers that rule America, and the people laugh freely, in their good-natured way. The Congress which has just adjourned did more than the average amount of work, some of the best of it being influenced by the President. The Republicans were stupidly led in the House, where the Democrats made an unexpected showing, strengthened by a leader of real ability in WILLIAMS and an eloquent and clever, even if superficial, debating orator in COCKRAN. In the Senate the lead in ability is still with the Republicans. The gravest charge made against this Congress, as against most others, is that the members are less full of disinterested thought for the nation than of special wire-pulling for themselves or their constituents. On the principle of local representation the result could not be different. Far better legislation at Washington would probably result if our National Legislature were elected after the manner of the House of Commons, each district not being restricted to men who happened to reside within it, but being able to choose from the whole United States. With any such change, should it ever come, ought to go a devolution of as much legislation as possible from Congress to the States. The more Government can be localized the better for local interests and the better also for those general affairs on which the attention of the National Legislature should be centred. No such radical change would be considered at present, but it is a possibility of the future.

CONGRESS



IDEAS ON PUBLIC EXPENSE are vague in the minds of most voters in America. Living as freely as we still do, we take no such exact interest in national economy as older nations do, and as we shall in the future, when our resources have been more fully used and the margin of profit made more narrow. A city administration is more likely to suffer under a charge of extravagance than a national administration is, because the ways of raising money for local purposes bring the reality of taxation home to the people, whereas for the general Government they pay without knowing in what manner or how much. Nevertheless some interest has been aroused by the fact that during the last four years we have had appropriated for the National Government \$211,000,000 more than for the four years of MCKINLEY and \$883,000,000 more than for the last four years of CLEVELAND. Mr. ROOSEVELT's pension order

EXTRAVAGANCE

is the item that has been most attacked, and it is defended on the ground that had it not been issued Congress would probably have passed a service pension law that would have cost several times as much. The tariff, so arranged at present as to take money from the poor and give it to the rich, is likely to be modified when we begin actually to feel the pressure of taxation. As few men can make such topics as economy interesting to Americans, it is one of the proofs of Mr. WILLIAMS's ability that he is able to do so. "Every dollar," says he, "that unnecessarily falls into the till of the general Government, to be unwisely and unnecessarily expended by that Government, is a dollar taken from some taxpayer in some State, who is thereby deprived of the opportunity to use it for better education, better shelter, warmer clothing, more books, more music, more pictures, more flowers, or more of something else tending to material, intellectual, æsthetic, or moral welfare." Economy is discipline, for man or nation, and a sharp supervision of the general expenditure is to the advantage and credit of a public.

FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDINGS seem likely hereafter to play a larger part in diplomacy than formal alliances. The value of such agreements as those between France and Russia, and between Germany, Austria, and Italy, is at present seriously questioned, and even the alliance between Japan and England, the most timely and effective of those now existing, does not lack criticism from both countries, although on the whole this one alliance is regarded with enthusiasm. If the alliance is on the wane, the friendly understanding is noticeably increasing in frequency and value. Twin sister of arbitration, it may play an even larger part in preventing conflict and increasing strength in peace. The visit of President LOUBET to Italy, and the cordiality of his reception, are more characteristic of the times than the German Emperor's war-like tone and his attempt to rehabilitate the formal Triple Alliance. M. LOUBET is the seventh President

ALLIANCES AND ENTENTES

of the Republic, and the one whose life and position seem most serene amid the shifting scenes of France. Two have died tragically, and some of the others have left office under conditions far from mild. The seventh President finds his country quiet at home and ready to be friends with its most ancient foe, and anxious to send him as peacemaker to any neighbor whose desire is peace. Probably the only Government in Europe to-day which ever thinks of war without distaste is Germany, and this general dread of warfare is what has caused the rapid growth of the entente as an informal device for preserving peace.

CORPORATIONS HAVE NO SOUL is a saying about as old as corporation law, and it is one to which current history is adding strength. The Western Union is the latest moral delinquent to be attacked for doing as a body what its members would presumably refuse to do as individuals. Probably its connection with the pool rooms will be made impossible by the great publicity given to the facts. It is said that a number of directors have resigned from the Fuller Construction Company since the exposure of that

SOUL AND CORPORATIONS

company's corrupt dealings with walking delegates, and thus by publicity is public opinion gradually improved. If Mr. THOMAS W. LAWSON is able to make good his intention of exposing the methods of the Standard Oil Company, the public will gain both pleasure and profit from the opportunity to "witness a series of flashlight pictures to which, for flashlighting generally, the United States Shipbuilding fandango will look like a midnight silhouette." Corporations are a necessity of modern business methods, but they have much to answer for in the way of blunting conscience. Since men will do readily as directors what they would hesitate to do as single owners, what they do as a corporate entity, without a soul, helps to form the business habits

of the community and thus reacts upon all individuals. American high finance deserves a good deal of punishment, and the country at large will not grieve overmuch if the punishment is administered. If a few million dollars were cut off from the Western Union Telegraph Company in the name of honesty, the loss would be endured by the rest of us with the greatest equanimity. Corporations not only have no souls. They have no friends. And often they deserve none.

THE SINS OF ALCOHOL are often celebrated, but usually the alcohol so vituperated is in the form of whiskey, gin, or other compound intended ostensibly for pleasure. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to see the evil assailed in a form which wears the garb of virtue. Mr. BOK, famous purveyor of manners and morality, is a man of contrast. Not long ago he published an essay on extortion in New York, which from end to end was undiluted "fake." Now, however, he appears with an article of which any journalist might be proud, attacking an outrage with truth and potency. The people who drink or eat patent medicines number millions. Some do it to save doctors' bills, others because they find the patent medicine more effective, since no reputable doctor would give in quantity and kind what the patent medicine contains. Beer contains from 2 to 5 per cent of alcohol. Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains 20.6 per cent of alcohol, Paine's Celery Compound 21, Ayer's Sarsaparilla 26.2, Hood's Sarsaparilla 18.8, Vinol 28.5, Parker's Tonic 41.6, Boker's Stomach Bitters 42.6, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters 44.3, Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters 35.7, and so on, through a long list given by Mr. BOK, which all who are their own doctors may read in the "Ladies' Home Journal" for May. Opium, digitalis, and other powerful drugs also add to the power of these "medicines" by which drunkards are formed and babies are poisoned at the breast. Nothing succeeds like success, and a person who has been cheered by one of these compounds goes about enthusiastically urging it on his friends. Much virtue in a name. Call a mixture by some moral title and thousands will swallow and advocate it who would hesitate at absinthe or raw gin. The law, which forbids harmless oleomargarine to be sold as butter, does not prevent these poisons from being sold as "non-alcoholic." The Woman's Christian Temperance Union busies itself with such important matters as christening ships with wine. Life insurance companies, more intelligent, have begun to ask their applicants whether they have the habit of using patent medicine. These preparations are popular in prohibition States.

PATENT MEDICINE

A LEAGUE OF LANDLORDS is rumored, in one or more of our great cities, to make rent higher by so much for each added child. There are in some places already entire blocks without a child. Hotels are leaning more toward excluding him, because invalids do not like his lively ways. Why should we not exclude the invalids instead? We might run hotels for the robust souls who enjoy the child's vitality and have children themselves. The difficulty is that the richest people are the landlord's object, and they it is who have fewest children and like them least. Now comes HENRY JAMES and accepts the diminution of progeny as the most favorable of signs; but Mr. JAMES is a bachelor, over-sensitive in his nerves. His observation was probably made without regard to two considerations. One is that the element which reproduces most rapidly is the one which is also immigrating in such numbers from southern and eastern Europe, and which is not the most desirable. Happily, if the so-called "pure American" refuses to increase, the German and Irish-Americans are still given to replenishing the earth. The other objection to the small-family habit, apart from the resulting composition of the race, is its effect on moral tone, by substituting luxury for naturalness and duty. We observe great bitterness on this topic not only among landlords but also among the women's clubs, and therefore touch it lightly, yet, feeling that the love of children lies so deep in normal human nature, we are unable entirely to conceal our furtive approbation of the stork.

HOCH DER STORK

OUR OPPOSITION to Mr. Hearst is entirely consistent with our desire to have our readers hear all that can be said in his favor by the ablest of his lieutenants. In our issue for May 21st there will be an article by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, describing Mr. Hearst in detail as a man, a journalist, and a politician. The same issue will contain an article by Mr. Norman Hapgood on immoral journalism; its effect on American life—especially on our respect for truth—and the contrast between its professions about wishing to improve civic life and the deeds with which it every day seeks at any price the most conspicuous "success."

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THE JAPANESE ADVANCE INTO MANCHURIA ALONG THE GREAT PEKING ROAD

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA

With the coming of the first days of spring the difficulties of the advance were greatly diminished, as may be seen in this photograph. While much of the march from Seoul to Ping-Yang was through forbidding mountains, fertile and cultivated valleys were also crossed. By summer the fields through which this main highway runs will be a granary to supply great quantities of maize and millet to the Japanese forces in Korea. The farmers of these little patches have welcomed the invaders, who have contracted ahead for their grain crops with liberal rates of payment.

OFF FOR THE FRONT!

By FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese Army of Invasion in Manchuria

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Mr. Palmer arrived in Japan, January 25, and spent two months in Tokio waiting for the General Staff of the Japanese army to depart for the scene of operations. When, at last, permission was granted to fifteen war correspondents and photographers to leave for the front with the first expedition, Mr. Palmer and Mr. James H. Hare, Collier's Special Photographer, were selected among the five Americans allowed to go. A cablegram from Mr. Palmer, sent from Champo, Korea, April 17, was published in the Household Number for May—April 30—announcing his arrival there.

Kobe, Japan, April 3, 1904

NEVER was parting guest more happy to get away; never was parting guest more heartily and sincerely sped. With the correspondents of the first contingent actually going, the hopes of the second and the third rose to the dignity of expectations. They gathered at Shimbashi Station with tin horns and gave the chosen few an Anglo-Saxon cheer. For over two months some of us have waited for official passes, to join the Japanese army in the field. Now that we have the treasure it is not much to look at—only a slip of paper which would go into the average size envelope. By rights, it should be on vellum, with marginal decorations of storks standing on one leg and an inscription of *summa cum laude* for patience in flourishes. Our thoughts, however, are not on such trivialities. They are entirely on how much each little pass will permit us to see.

"The Japanese were absolutely prepared for this war and all possible contingencies save one," said a secretary of legation in Tokio. "They overlooked the coming of a small army of correspondents representing the public opinion of two great friendly nations, whose goodwill it is to Japan's special interest to court."

Nearly a hundred foreigners, used to entirely different food and conditions of life from the natives, turned a hotel into a barracks, and with persistent address asked for privileges from the Foreign Office. In time such a force can wear even the Japanese smile of politeness down to a studied grimace. We had and have the conviction that the army would like to follow the navy's suit and permit no correspondents at all with its force. Had as much been said at first, then we could have gone home, feeling that if Japan had broken away from the customs of the age of the free press that was her affair. The lives, the millions of dollars, the national aims at stake were hers, and we came only by courtesy as foreigners. What was wearing on our nerves was the week by week "You may go very soon." We were told, so near was our departure—whether six weeks ago or last week—that it would be most unwise

for us to go to Korea, and we waited and waited until candor took the place of our suavity, and the Japanese smile, suddenly broadening into its old sunniness, said that it was really very early for us to start, but there was something to see already, and if we wished we might go. So the rampant curiosity of the spoiled children of the press, grateful for small favors, may at last feed itself on the sight of a Japanese soldier really marching toward an enemy in a disputed land. A pitched battle is not expected for fully another month yet, if not for two months.

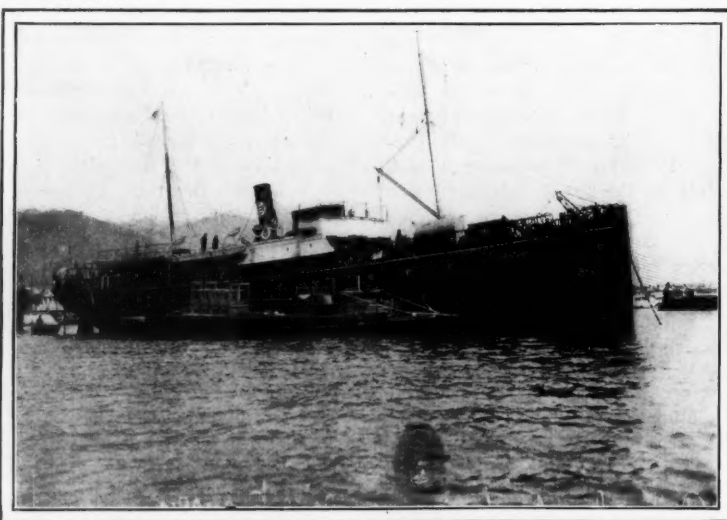
For two weeks Mr. Yokoyama's ship has been in readiness at Kobe. It was to have sailed on the 21st of March. When this date was announced we were temporarily quite pacified. A week passed, and while Yokoyama's ship waited only the "very soon" came from the General Staff. The smile met the increasing impatience—for each outburst was worse than the one before—with the polite, the deferential query whether

we would not prefer to go on a transport rather than on our chartered vessel. Possibly the smile foresaw division and discussion. But were the chosen few, who had been sent from afar at great expense to their papers, trained to neglect patches of local color, however offered or wherever found? With one voice came our "Yes." Moreover, we were ready to go aboard at any moment, and we said so.

Now that we are started, we wonder what lies in store for us in this campaign of an Oriental power in a hermit land. Officially, we know as little of where we shall disembark as we do of General Kuropatkin's plans. The time of our return is shrouded in the mystery of the vicissitudes of a great war which has scarcely begun. The departure from Shimbashi, when an Anglo-Saxon hurrah broke the long record of *ban-zais* for departing troops, the parting of a dozen foreigners from their American and European friends, reminded us again of the romance and the picturesqueness of our position. There was never a war at all comparable to this, and never a war which drew so many foreign correspondents. The uncertainty of our position, the uncertainty of the conditions under which we shall live, brought a havoc of buying at the last moment on the part of men who have studied their requirements in the field while they waited. We have everything, from postage stamps done up in oiled paper to tool chests the size of a pocketbook—and now we are in the hands of Mr. Yokoyama.

Whether we bring profit or loss, praise or blame, to Mr. Yokoyama, we shall make him famous. Mr. Yokoyama has made a contract to transport our kits, from tents to extra buttons and shoestrings, and to give us three meals of European flavor a day. He has in this harbor a four-hundred-ton steamer, the character of whose cargo and whose passengers adds the finishing touch of the unusual to our departure.

In one cabin are twelve bunks. The first arrivals have staked out their claims with posted visiting-cards and baggage bestowed. Below decks are ponies which are to bear the "specials" to the victory or the defeat of editorial decision. In the hold are the outfits.



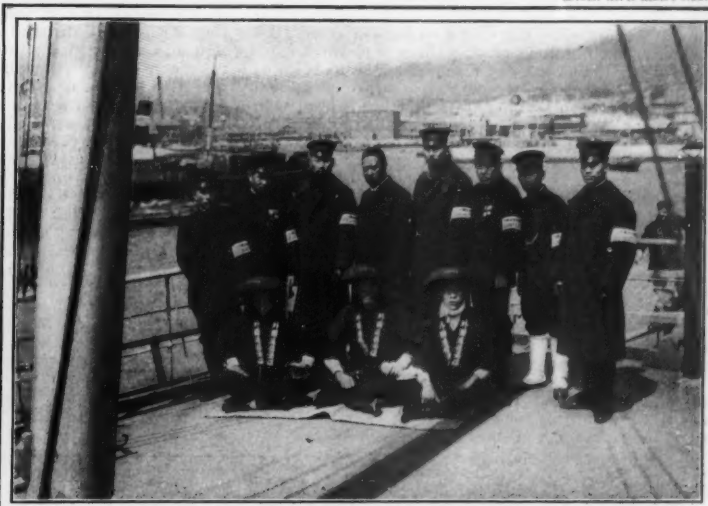
The Steamship "Nagatamaru," which carried the War Correspondents from Japan to Korea

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE FIRST JAPANESE CORPS INVADING MANCHURIA

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Hoisting the "charger" of a Collier's photographer on board the steamer at Kobe



The Japanese contractor in charge of the correspondents, and his staff

EMBARKING THE FIRST GROUP OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS BOUND FOR THE FRONT AFTER THEIR TWO MONTHS OF INACTION IN TOKIO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY OF INVASION IN MANCHURIA

In handling the problem of war correspondence, the Japanese military authorities acted with characteristic shrewdness and ability. So long as it was considered necessary absolutely to screen all field operations, two hundred correspondents were hospitably entertained in Tokio under the strictest censorship ever devised. When the embargo was lifted a contractor (with assistants) was hired by the army authorities for the maintenance of the correspondents in the field. Such an organization will accompany each group of foreign observers

Never before was there such a pile of baggage as that—bags and rolls and little Japanese officers' trunks, but nothing outside of the hold-all (unconventional in construction to suit the owner's whim) which would make the baggage smasher or porter feel at home. We need no longer discuss the relative merits of sleeping-bags and open blankets; they will be put to the test, leaving the discussion as warm as ever for future campaigns. But in that incongruous pile are furs and thick woollens for winter campaigning. (It was in February that the first "very soon" was sounded, and we provided for the cold of northern Korea and south-

ern Manchuria.) Every separate piece is marked with the correspondent's name in Roman and in Japanese lettering; and "soon, very soon" we hope that all will be deposited on the beach, and we shall raise our tents and saddle our horses and go to work instead of to official dinners.

Acting as quartermaster of the dumpy craft is a serious Japanese (Mr. Yokoyama's representative) who has "Canteen" embroidered on a white circle on his arm. We, too, must wear white circle with the name of the publication which we represent. Thus we shall not be taken for Russians, though the Russians may

take us; and I doubt if the Japanese would mind much if the Russians did. For every correspondent there is an interpreter and a servant. When we are not dependent upon Yokoyama, we are dependent upon them. Finally, we are in the hands of the all-doing, never-talking General Staff, and bound for an unknown destination. At Moji we board a transport, and Mr. Yokoyama's ship, with the horses, the kits, the servants, and the interpreters, proceeds at eight knots to the rendezvous at Chemulpo. After that, it is to be hoped that the correspondents may write about something besides themselves.

MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: A WAR DRAMA

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

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The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital

YOKOHAMA, March 30, 1904

WHEN you have journeyed this far to send home news of battles, it is hard to find that the nearest you may come to being a war correspondent is to write criticisms of war plays. For, although the General Staff has given each of us a correspondent's pass, it maintains the attitude of the anxious mother:

"Oh, mother, may I go in to swim?"
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

What made the war drama I saw the other night interesting was that it was so like the war drama as we have it at home. It pulled the same strings, it paused in the same places for the same applause, and, except that it ranked love of country higher than love of humans, it was an old-fashioned Academy of Music melodrama in a Japanese uniform. In my ignorance, I had supposed the Japanese theatre would be as far removed from our own as is the Chinese theatre in Chinatown. It was not at all like that theatre. The only great dissimilarity lay in front of the curtain, especially in the orchestra floor. The orchestra floor slanted down toward the stage and was divided, by rails of polished wood raised a foot from the matting, into tiny squares. It looked like a mammoth cucumber frame without the glass. Each square held four persons seated crosslegged on the matting, and with them their tea things, trays of food, and pipe boxes. The ushers who brought the tea and food ran and leaped with the agility of tight-rope performers along these polished rails. The musicians occupied the lower stage box. The chorus sat in the one opposite. It was a "Greek" chorus, not a "show girl" chorus. The aisles, or what in our theatres would be aisles, were long, narrow platforms. When with us the prestidigitator comes down among the spectators to borrow watches and take rabbits from a high hat, he walks on just such a platform. In Japan they form a part of the stage. Actors make their entrances and exits upon them, appearing from the part of the house that we call the lobby, but which in a Japanese theatre is the dressing-room. To see an actor make his entrance, the spectators must twist about and look behind them. Sometimes they are too comfortably settled to do this, and the actor is forced to deliver his entrance speech to the backs of the audience. Some of our stars would not approve of a Japanese theatre.

Except that it is furnished in dark wood and lighted by only a few gas

jets, the auditorium resembles one of our own. The Japanese, like ourselves, have a nickname for the highest gallery. They call it the "deaf man's" gallery. At first, when the actors ran up and down the platforms, it was confusing, but one soon became accustomed to it; and when, during an act which took place at sea, the platform was solemnly spread with a strip of canvas three feet wide, painted to represent storm-tossed waves, which rolled over the heads of the spectators, one accepted it as an inlet of the ocean.

The stage of the theatre in Tokio is twice as wide as one of the ordinary size at home, but the flies hang only half as high. This is in keeping with the tiny proportions of the Japanese house. Were the proscenium arch as lofty as with us, four-fifths of the scenery would consist of blue sky. This smallness of

the Japanese dwelling and the great breadth of the stage make it possible in one scene to show several houses of actual size, separated by streets and gardens in which people pass in rickshaws, or trim the flowers. The construction of the Japanese house gives the stage manager another advantage; for, as the Japanese work, eat, and receive visitors in houses one side of which is open to the air, it is possible to show what is going on at the same moment both inside and outside of the same dwelling.

But other features of the Tokio theatre did not lean toward realism. The prompter sat on the stage in view of the audience, and the fact that he was dressed in a skin-tight suit of black with a black hood, like a chimney sweep or a goblin, and that he kept his face always from the spectators, was supposed to render him invisible. Another black imp remained on the scene to act as dresser and stage manager. It was his duty to assist an actor in making any alteration in his costume, and to carry away any prop that had been used: a letter, fan, or tea-tray. If he thought an actor's sash was not properly fastened, he would creep up behind him, even though the actor were speaking, and tie it properly. We were not supposed to see him do this. As a matter of fact, it was curious how soon one failed to note his presence.

The war drama was preceded by a classic play. The same actors appeared in both, but their methods in each were entirely different. In the war drama they were conventional, natural people; in the classic play they followed the traditions of the old days and of the old players, and moved by jerks with long strides, speaking in shrill, falsetto tones, or remaining for many moments like mute, immovable idols. Originally, what is now the classic drama was played by marionettes, and when real people were substituted for them, it is said the actors, instead of imitating their fellow-men as they saw them around them, copied the dolls. This theory is offered to explain the jerky gestures from knee and elbow, the fashion of standing with legs far apart, bent at the knee, with the toes turned out. The strident tones are supposed to be an imitation of the false voices used by the man who talked for the different dolls. Others believe that the stilted acting in these old dramas is a correct but exaggerated reflection of the actual movements and gestures of the days that were choked with artificiality, ceremony, and etiquette. Now these classic plays give the best picture of ancient Japan which it is possible to obtain. They reproduce

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WRECK OF THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT "KORIETZ" IN THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA

The "Koriets," sunk in company with the "Variat" on February 9, was untouched by Japanese shells, but was set on fire and blown up to prevent her capture. The awful destruction wrought by the explosion of her magazines and boilers gives a faint idea of what befell the Russian battleship "Petropavlovsk," after a Japanese mine had torn her bottom out

the days of the Shoguns, the Daimios, the two-sword men. They show modern Japan how these men lived and moved, how they wore their robes and armor, the ceremony that obtained among them, and their manner of using the sword, the teacup, and fan. With us the comedies of Congreve or Sheridan are so seldom played that even in London it is difficult to find men who are at their ease in wigs, small clothes, and ruffles, who can present a snuff-box with elegance, or exclaim "damme," and "fore Gad" with conviction. They have not been trained to the artificial manners of the eighteenth century. But in Japan modern plays are a very modern innovation, while the traditions of the classic drama through many years have been handed down from actor to actor, and always to the best actors. For here the best of the older actors selects the most promising among the younger, and adopts him as his son, instructing him in all that pertains to his art. When the great actor dies, the pupil takes his name, and inherits not only his experience, but his museum of priceless robes, kimonos, swords, and armor.

The war drama was entirely modern. It had no chorus to interrupt with its comments and prophecies; the costumes and uniforms were such as you saw before you in the auditorium, and the stage properties were so up-to-date that they included one of Walter Camp's eight-day clocks, which is the first thing that shocks the seeker after atmosphere in every paper-screened, doll-like house in Japan.

The events in the first act occurred some four years ago in a Japanese seaport outside a Shinto temple, where the priests, villagers, and fishermen were holding a festival. Into their happy holiday came a band of drunken Russian sailors, who threatened the priests, beat the old men, and, what was much worse, kissed the women. With screams the villagers fled and the Russians pursued. A fisherman, who in the classic piece had played a Daimio, arrived on the scene and announced that alone he would drive the sailors from the village. As he rolled up his skirts, leaving his legs bare, the audience howled and applauded just as they do when one of our leading men throws off his coat and tucks up his sleeves. The curtain fell on the fisherman's vow to avenge the insult to the temple and the women. The curtain rose as soon as it fell, and we found that the stage revolved like a railroad turn-table, and that while one act was going forward the scene was being set for the next. In this act, the fisherman kept his promise, and the sailors with their officer were driven to their shore boat. But as they pushed off the Russian officer shot the fisherman and he died. The turntable spun again and we saw the home of his son. Four years had elapsed and war between Russia and Japan was in the air. This son was the captain of a torpedo boat, and he told how his father had been killed by a Russian, a captain, now Admiral Makaroff, whom he in turn would kill. A sailor sauntered down the long platform, opened the garden gate, and gave the officer his summons to join his ship. War had been declared. The officer retired and returned in uniform. The parting from his wife and his little boy, from our point of view as to how such a parting would take place, was interesting. The Japanese officer could not exhibit the least emotion, and neither he nor his wife touched the other, nor, of course, did they embrace or kiss. The woman brought the husband a photograph of herself and her son, and he looked a long time at it and stuck it inside his coat. The scene was real and solemn—the sailor who had brought the message loitering outside in the garden, yawning unconcernedly, or grinning at the little nezan waiting at the steps to put on her master's boots; the boy admiring and tugging at his father's sword; the wife weeping, but making no outcry, and kneeling at her husband's feet, and the officer holding himself in hand and saluting her prostrated figure as he marched away down the long platform. I must confess that it made me choke, and the men with me all went out and drank to the Japanese navy.

In the next act we saw a torpedo destroyer off Port Arthur; the waves rolled and tossed, and the men on the torpedo boat changed watch, scanned the sea with binoculars, and at last were sent to quarters. They awaited the dash upon the battleships. The officer of the previous act stood alone on the bridge. He took out the photograph of his wife and boy, and in the moving searchlight gazed at it. Then scornfully and contemptuously he tore it into tiny bits, threw it into the sea, and shouted the order to attack. The audience of husbands, wives, and children shouted in sympathy. The torpedo was launched, the shells flew, the first attack on Port Arthur had begun. An officer was shot in the arm, and a sailor tried to bind up the wound. The officer threw the sailor off, and to shame him beat the open wound repeatedly with his fist. There was much more of this same spirit illustrated in

place the love of country over the love of sweetheart or wife and children. Even William Terris could not have made that sentiment popular, and I doubt if an American audience would care for it. If it were known that an American officer had halted at the foot of San Juan Hill to tear up the portrait of his wife and boy, he might get to the top of the hill, but he never would get to the White House.

GRIEF-STRICKEN RUSSIA

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

Collier's Special War Correspondent at St. Petersburg

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ST. PETERSBURG, April 17

RUSSIA is to-day a grief-stricken nation. The requiem sung over the sunken *Petropavlovsk* by the waves that wash Electric Cliff has been heard in every part of the Empire. I saw the Czar on his knees testifying to the greatness of the loss he had sustained. Down the cheeks of the Em-

press Dowager rolled tears of sorrow at the national misfortune. The young face of the Empress, more self-controlled, gave evidence of the internal emotion from which she was suffering. At the Admiralty, the men who had known and loved Makaroff, and who appreciated the effect of the destruction of another battleship, wept bitterly over the disaster. The night the news reached St. Petersburg, a clerk of the Department of Agriculture, with whom I was talking, burst into tears. A blinding snowstorm swept the streets of the city the next morning, but from the earliest hour I saw Mujiks clustering around bulletin-boards upon which had been posted the official despatches announcing the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* and the death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff. They formed sober little groups. There were no loud comments, no criticisms, no noise. When the despatches had been read, the crowd would melt away and another would quickly form. That day all the flags and bunting which had decorated the houses and streets in honor of the resurrection of Christ were removed.

The news seemed at first to daze the people. I called at the home of Lieutenant Travinsky, who commands the torpedo boat *Reshitelny* at Port Arthur. "It can not be, it can not be," cried the lieutenant's sister. "How can it be?" pathetically asked his mother. In this household, as in others throughout Russia, no anger was evinced toward the Japanese. There was no cry for vengeance. Few charged the Japanese with the responsibility of blowing up the ship, not because of any feeling of pride, but rather because they did not think of it. Blindly disregarding the human agency that caused the disaster, the average Russian said simply: "God blew up the *Petropavlovsk*," and, after a moment's reflection, added: "And God will blow up the Japanese fleet."

But in spite of this fatalism, the immediate effect of the *Petropavlovsk's* destruction was to increase public interest in the war to a degree hitherto unshown. Walking along the Nevsky Prospect the day following the disaster, I saw newspaper venders hustled by crowds anxious to buy the latest intelligence from the front. Hundreds gathered around the Admiralty and near the palace, dumbly awaiting further news, and occasionally, from the yellow building over which flies the flag of the navy, would come out a picturesquely clad peasant woman, her eyes filled with tears because of official confirmation of her fears. That night, save a few naval officers, who did not seem to appreciate



BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR PUTTING THE SHOT

In the Relay Race Carnival at Philadelphia, on April 23, Ralph W. Rose, a Freshman from the University of Michigan, equaled the world's record for putting the 16-pound shot in competition, with a distance of 48 feet 2 inches. Later, in an exhibition effort, he eclipsed this feat with a put of 48 feet 3 1/2 inches, but only the former figure stands to his credit officially. This is enough, however, to stamp Rose as one of the world's foremost athletes. He stands 6 feet 4 inches, is of gigantic build, and is expected to make a football player of great renown.

the war drama, but the climax was the tearing up of the photograph, the sacrifice of every other emotion to that of patriotism. For here "my country" is first. Lafcadio Hearn tells how in the last war officers shot themselves, the modern hara-kiri, because they were left at the base, or were too ill to lead their men into action. Already in this war three have died for this same ideal. One officer shot himself because he was taken prisoner. A recruiting sergeant, because a private wept when saying farewell to his parents, drew his sword and struck him dead, and, on the ground that Japan has no need for soldiers who weep, the sergeant was not punished. The third was a young lieutenant, who, when ordered to Korea, found no one with whom he could leave his little daughter. That his mind might not dwell on her possible sufferings in his absence rather than on his country's work, he killed her. He was ordered to be tried for murder *after the war*, and sent to the front.

I do not know of any writer of melodrama in England, the home of melodrama, who has ventured to



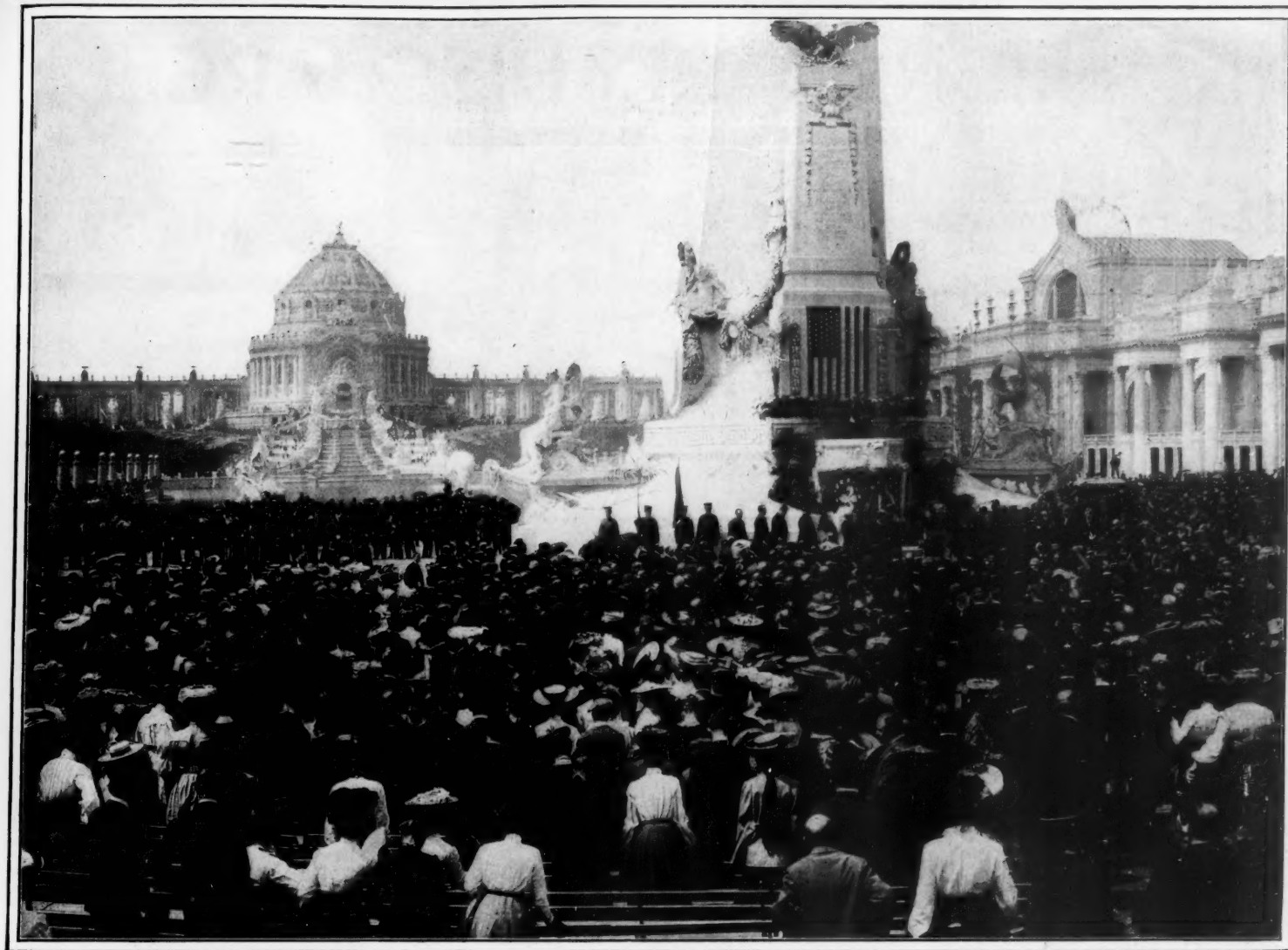
Weighing the gold bars in the Assay Office



Packing the bullion in kegs for cartage to the steamer

SHIPPING SIX AND ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD FROM WALL STREET TO PARIS

This money was sent on April 30, to meet the first payment on the purchase price of the Panama Canal, and a part of it will probably be used to assist in handling a Russian war loan



FORMAL OPENING OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30, 1904

At noon, Saturday, April 30, after five years of preparation, a golden button, pushed by President Roosevelt, set in motion the machinery of the St. Louis Exposition. The exercises attracted a great multitude, which found the buildings ready for the public, the adornment of the grounds delayed by bad weather, and about forty per cent of the exhibit space yet to be filled. This record is better than that of the latest Paris Exposition and not quite so good as that of Chicago.

the decency of the moment, theatres and cafés lacked their usual throngs of pleasure-seekers.

By direct command of the Emperor, a requiem mass was sung for the repose of the soul of Vice-Admiral Makaroff. On the day the news first came and the miraculous escape of Grand Duke Cyril, a possible heir to the throne, who was attached to Makaroff's staff, was reported, a thanksgiving service was held in the chapel of the Winter Palace. Here gathered all the members of the imperial family. The grief of the rulers, the military services, and the people, was expressed at noon the next day at the Church of the Admiralty. In this white marble edifice, with its garish gold ikons, its three shining crosses, and its historic religious pictures, the heart of the nation was placed quivering before the throne of God.

Mourning the Loss of Makaroff

A few nights before, the highest dignitaries of the land had assisted at a brilliant festival in the Winter Palace in recognition of the anniversary of the rising of Christ. In the uniforms and decorations they wore on that occasion they appeared at the Admiralty Church. The Emperor, tactfully honoring the service that had suffered the most, was in the special full dress of a captain of the navy. His mother and consort were in black, and this sombre color was worn also by the other women there. Kneeling beside the Empress, her face hidden by a heavy crape veil, was the striking-looking widow of Makaroff, and behind her was her beautiful young daughter, Lillie, and son of eleven years.

When the American Republic offers a service in memory of a dead hero, army and navy detachments guard the portals of the church and line surrounding thoroughfares. Thus it was, in time of peace, for Lawton and for Sampson. But military Russia, where every tenth person one meets is in uniform, made in time of war no imposing demonstration of force in honor of Makaroff. Not a company of soldiers, not a detachment of sailors stood before the Admiralty Church. When I entered, a sailor took my coat, and I walked up the stairs in a crowd of officials, officers, soldiers, sailors, and civilians of the poorer class. Entering the church proper, I was given a candle, as was every other person who assisted at the service. Even the Czar held one in his left hand. When his Majesty lighted it, the other worshipers followed his example; and soon the daylight that flooded the church was punctuated by hundreds of little flames that vainly attempted to vie with it. Before the altar stood a bishop and three priests chanting, rhythmically, an impressive mass. The imperial party followed it attentively, the Emperor devoutly crossing himself and kneeling at the appointed moments. Toward the close of the service, the bishop, raising his voice above the

sweet intoning of the choir, prayed that eternal rest be granted to "Stepan and all warriors who had died bravely for their country." The tears of the Empress Dowager flowed faster, and sobbing was heard in every part of the church. The Emperor showed his participation in the prayer by falling upon his knees, and, with face uplifted, audibly repeating the words of the bishop. At the close of the service, a priest advanced to the Emperor and received the lighted candle from his Majesty. It was placed upon a silver platter, and beside it were put the candles which had burned in the hands of the Empress Dowager and Empress. Lay priests collected the tapers from the rest of the congregation. The Emperor then lifted Madame Makaroff from her knees and murmured his heartfelt sympathy. As he passed out a diplomat said to me: "Did you notice the expression on his Majesty's face? It seemed to me that he has said to himself: 'My hand is upon the plow, and I shall do the work allotted to me, whatever be the personal sacrifice.'" And I could at the moment believe this of Nicholas, for I recalled that he had insisted that Makaroff should go to the East in spite of the desire of that officer to remain at Cronstadt. Driving back to the Winter Palace, the Emperor was saluted by a detachment of soldiers marching toward its barracks. His Majesty knew better than these drab-coated men that, with the Port Arthur fleet a negligible factor, they and their comrades were the only force which could save his country from a terrible and lasting defeat.

The Attitude of the Russian People

I have told of Russia's grief. What is the effect of the disaster? Before describing the attitude of the people, I allowed several days to elapse in order that complete reports might be received from Port Arthur, and the feelings of the people, thus worked upon, should be more patent to the observer. Perhaps the most surprising thing to me was to find slight increase of anger against the Japanese. An editor of a St. Petersburg paper unconsciously gave me the key to the character of the Slav. Before the disaster he emphatically declared, his confidence in Russian arms ashore and afloat. After it he said bitterly that Russia could not hope to win. "What can we do against these people?" he continued. "Our fleet is gone, the Japanese can land where they will, and I feel sure that their army will be as well handled as has been their fleet." Thus he swung from optimism to pessimism. But because he feared Russia would not be victorious, he by no means advocated any effort to restore peace. "Russia can not, must not, be beaten," he added, rather illogically. And then one of his confrères, whose temperament enabled quicker recovery from despair, interrupted: "Surely we will win. God is with us. But the war will be long, very long, and we

will lose more ships and thousands of men." "That is true," said a third journalist, who hails from the Caucasus. "But I do not think it will be so long as you imagine. Wait until the Cossacks strike. They've shown already what they can do." At Tyeng Tjiou, General Mischenko displayed strategy immeasurably superior to that of the Japanese commander. And do you recall the fight near Eui Tjiou, where thirty-five Cossacks annihilated a detachment of fifty Japanese? Nevertheless, among high officers of the army, who also believe in the Cossacks, apprehension exists that the proved courage and cleverness of the Japanese will roll back Russia's troops as the ships have been sunk down to the bottom of the waters of Port Arthur. It is not, of course, believed that the Japanese victories will be continuous. The General Staff cries with every other Russian: "Russia will win." However great the sacrifice, Russia will make it because she feels that her national life demands it.

Russia's Plans for the Future

The loss of the *Petropavlovsk* and the ramming of the *Pollava* and the *Pobieda* raises the question: What changes will Russia make in her plan of campaign to meet the new conditions? Her first effort will be to repair her injured battleships and to conserve all the vessels now in the harbor until the Baltic Fleet shall arrive in the China Sea. Reports are being circulated that the Baltic ships will not go out. You can dismiss them from your mind. They are idle speculation. "Even if we knew in advance that the fleet would be annihilated," said an official of the Admiralty, "still would it go to the East. Russia will strain every nerve to be victorious afloat as she must be on land."

A few nights after the disaster, I went to the Majkhalovskiy Manège, a huge riding hall which has been transformed into a place of amusement for the people. A theatre had been erected in the back of the hall, and a play entitled "Port Arthur" was being produced. There must have been 5,000 spectators, who followed the performance with the most intense interest. The plot was woven around the love of a hero lieutenant and a Red Cross nurse—the Admiral's daughter. There was blood, hogsheds of it, bursting bombs, and clever Japanese. The ubiquitous American correspondent, resembling Frederick Palmer, played a mighty part in the stirring drama, always beating his English competitor, who recognized his own mental and physical inferiority. The impressive feature of the performance was the final tableau. It represented Russia triumphant, surrounded by the various races that form this heterogeneous Empire. When the curtain rang up upon it a deafening roar of applause burst forth. Again and again the curtain was lifted. It was the finale which the people evidently earnestly seek in the war now in progress.

NOT HONORABLY DISCHARGED

By
OCTAVE
THANET

ILLUSTRATED
By
W. L. JACOBS



An old man had come out of one of the houses

DOWN near the new bridge, the massive piers of which lift incomplete parapets, lies on the Cambridge side of the Charles a tangle of streets, narrow and mean, filled with wooden houses of two or three or four stories huddling together like sheep in a sheep-fold, their clumsy stoops and crooked bays blistered with age, shabby in front and squalid in the rear. Some day, when the wind is high, a chimney will go wrong, or any of a dozen possible causes will start a conflagration, and it will grow into Pepys's "malicious, bloody fire" and gulp down acres of buildings.

But with this the inhabitants of the present do not trouble. They fear, as well as live, from hand to mouth, and only the rent due to-morrow or the pestilence striking to-day concerns them.

One of these streets curves like a weighted fish-rod out of a wider thoroughfare. It has a few dejected shrubs, a few maimed trees, to fling wavering shadows over its uneven sidewalks. The windows show grimy shades or dingy lace curtains. Some of them have the further ornaments of an imitation palm or a red lamp, and a placard of "Students' Rooms." On a certain January Sunday this street was steeped in a silver fog which gave a pastel-like quality to the scene. The snow covered roofs and railings, and was so newly fallen that it was still white in patches. Dull grays and velvety black notes in the bare trees made the high lights brighter. Figures of men or horses were silhouetted rather than cast in relief, with all the detail of them lost. The steel-gray sky hung low and white smoke volleyed out of the tall shop stacks, scalloping wonderful clouds against its luminous shadow. There was a pensive and lonely beauty about it all, not the less lonely that the street was a crowded quarter in a great town. An old man who had come out of one of the houses had eyes for both aspects. He smiled back at the woman who was sweeping the steps and said, as he took the broom from her hands—with a gesture of such long habit that it did not need apology—"Well, snow's uncommon pretty, if it is kinder lonesome!"

He won a wintry smile from the woman, who was elderly, but not old, and had been pretty in her tidier and vainer days, when she did not strain her wisp of gray hair back into a knob on the nape of her neck or wear a dragged little red plaid shawl over a limp black calico with white spots.

"Tis kinder sightly," she agreed, "but someway sets me thinkin' of funerals."

The man smiled. "Now it makes me think 'bout Gloucester way and how the streets looked my wedding mornin'." Fifty years ago to-day, Mrs. Carney, and she's been gone twenty-seven, come May; and there ain't been a day I ain't missed her more than the last.

"My land!" exclaimed the woman, a faint glint in her sharp and faded eye, "that's more'n I could say for Carney, though he wa'n't mean, 'ceptin' when he was overtaken, and I will say he was a real good provider. But I couldn't feel to be onresigned when he went, for talk's I would, his bad habits was growin' on him. Well, I hadn't no right to complain. My mother warned me if I would marry a Irishman I'd have to pay the price, but I was one couldn't endure 'why do you do so?' from nobody, so I did marry him, and I did pay the price, land knows! Wust is, I didn't get only a Irish husband, but a Irish son and a Irish daughter."

"Now, Mrs. Carney"—in a voice of propitiation—"your children will be the crown of your old age. There's Denis fighting the battles of his country—"

"Way off in them heathenish Phillipines, that we oughtn't to have took! Well, I dunno but 'tis better'n fightin' in the Port and gittin' juggled!"

"He's a kind-hearted boy, and he's sent you a parrot and a pineapple frock! And there's Delight—"

"Much delight I got out of her till this last year. Why, I whipped that girl when she was sixteen years old to keep her from gadding with folks no decent girl would be seen with."

The broom fell on the porch as the old man straightened and looked at the mother almost sternly. "Don't you ever, ever try to do that again to her, Mrs. Carney, or her blood, or worse than her blood, will be on your head!" he warned. "You got to remember she's got her father's recklessness and your obstinacy in her, and that's a mixture to be handled awful gingerly!"

No one else in the street would have ventured to say as much to Mrs. Carney, who had by no means lost her youthful inaptitude for receiving advice; but Jonas Wainwright was a high favorite with her, and she only shrugged her shoulders. "Well, anyhow, I stopped her, and she's improved right along sence," she flung back; then added, "I ain't denyin' that you had a lot to do with it. Delight sets the world and all by you, Mr. Wainwright."

The old man's smile was bright, and so little had

Mrs. Carney seen it for the last week that it seemed brighter. It fairly illumined his delicate old face. His clean-shaven profile and his curling gray hair belonged, somehow, to his old-fashioned black frock-coat and the "dickey" on his Sunday white shirt. By trade, Jonas Wainwright was a wood-carver, a handicraft which admits of cleanliness every day for its followers; and every day Jonas shaved, but it was only of a Sunday that he allowed himself white linen. "He's a real handsome old man," thought Mrs. Carney. She looked at him kindly.

"I guess I set the world by Delight, too," he said, "is she gone out?"

"She went down to the Social Union this mornin', but I'm looking for her. You goin' to church, I expect?"

"Well, no, ma'am, I'm going to go to Gloucester."

"Good land! to visit your folks?"

"My folks are all in the graveyard"—but he smiled faintly instead of sighing. "No, I'd a notion I'd jest git a glimpse of the old town once more. Well, good-by, Mrs. Carney. You've been real kind and good to me, always. I was sorry to keep you waiting for the board."

"My sakes alive!" interrupted Mrs. Carney vivaciously, "if my lodgers was all's prompt as you I'd be a lot better off! And you paid me all up yesterday. I hope you ain't casting round to change your boardin'-place, Mr. Wainwright, or dissatisfied?"

"I'd be pretty demandin' if I wasn't satisfied, Mrs. Carney. No, ma'am, I'm not looking for any other boardin'-place."

"Well, come back early; we're going to have pigs' feet for supper, and Delight wants you to come."

Wainwright only had lodgings with the Carneys. He "found himself." He made appropriate acknowledgments for the social courtesy. It was only after he had shaken Mrs. Carney's hand, raised his worn silk hat, and limped down the street that it occurred to her he had said no word of acceptance. She was pondering a little on this and some other unusual traits of her lodger, when Delight, the daughter, returned. Delight had the attenuated but trimly pretty figure, the fine carriage, and the gift of making an impression in toilets with very little money which belonged to the Irish-American shop-girls often. In addition, she had a rich color, long black curling eyelashes, and a wonderful mop of black hair parted on one side to sweep daskily above a black brow and a brilliant blue eye. Her glance swept carelessly down the street and lingered on Wainwright's lean shape as if it were a good sight to her. "He's taking the street cars," she said.

"Well, he is!" exclaimed the mother, with a disproportionate interest in a trivial act; "he must feel flush; he paid me in full yesterday night. I was kinder glad to git the money, but I wouldn't have pressed him if he'd gone a week longer."

"I should think not," the girl cried emphatically. She spoke with the purity of articulation and the correctness of speech which the public schools of Massachusetts have given to the humblest scholars of this generation. The only trace of her Celtic origin was a

melodious deepening of her tones. "He helps us more than his board. How did he seem this mornin', mother?"

"Why, he seemed real chirked up and chipper. You don't 'spose he could have got that pension? I wish he'd git it; he'd be real well fixed, then; there's so much back money, three, four thousand at least. He'd ought to have it; for he fit all through the war, riz to be a sergeant, and wouldn't be a lieutenant 'cause he said he didn't know enuff. And he wouldn't have asked for a pension if he hadn't needed it bad. And all the fuss jess because his capt'in thought his name was John 'stid of Jonas, and them blamed ignorant fools in Washington can't straighten out a little mistake like that. I ain't got no patience with 'em nor the President, nuther. Say, how long's he been lodgin' with us?"

"Two years last week," said the girl, and for some reason a dull red burned in her cheeks and slowly spread over her brow; "he came when the Moodys moved."

"That was jest after his brother died. I remember I seen the funeral creeping past, jest a hearse and two carriages, and I thought it a pretty meachin' funeral till I found out they was sending the corp' to Gloucester. The old captain was bedrid ten years, wasn't he? And not the best of company, neither. Ann 'Liza Moody told me he was the most demandin' man and the wust at profane swearin' she ever knew of. And the temper of him! He'd pitch anything handy at you when he got his dander riz. One time 'twas his pocket-knife with the blade open and next 'twas a teapot—all the same to him. You can't convince Ann 'Liza that he didn't kill that sailor man, and she was free to say that 'twas a pity Jonas Wainwright got him cleared of murder. He spent an awful

lot of money on the lawin' and then had to keep him. Such orderings of Providence make me sick!"

"Ann 'Liza told me Mr. Wainwright owned as much as twenty thousand dollars once, and he used to put a dollar in the plate at Trinity every Sunday of his life."

"Think of it," sighed Mrs. Carney, "and every last cent of it gone, what between the lawin' and that bank that broke and the doctors' bills. But poor Jonas he went back to his trade, and he got the skipper every mortal fool thing he'd ask for. Tryin' to kinder console him for not bein' footloose. And the skipper he was sich a nat'ral born pig he jest took it all, not so much as thankin' for it. He grunted even 'bout his going to church Sunday mornings. But Jonas Wainwright did make a stand there."

"He told me once that he'd gone to Trinity Church every Sunday, 'cept when he was twice out of town, for twenty years."

"Shaw! Come to think, I guess he did. And he was clean daft 'bout Bishop Brooks. Why, he'd buy his sermons and read 'em to the captain. And the time Bishop Brooks died I never seen a man mourn truer'n he done."

"Did you know, mother, that he spoke to Bishop Brooks once?"

"Dear me, suz! What did he say?"

"Oh, just Good-morning, Dr. Brooks, can I git your car for you? It was one day when he had preached at Trinity and we were outside waiting. Uncle Jonas was mortified, afterward, because he hadn't called him 'Bishop,' but I guess Bishop Brooks didn't mind."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he looked at the Grand Army button on Mr. Wainwright's coat and said, 'No, thank you, he was walking,' and then he said, 'Haven't I seen you in Trinity Church?' 'Every Sunday but three for twenty years,' said Uncle Jonas, 'if you were there, for I was.' 'You sit by the third pillar in the gallery,' said Bishop Brooks. Uncle Jonas looked as if he could kneel right down in the mud and glorify Dr. Brooks. But somebody came up for the Bishop just then and he went off, but he told Uncle Jonas to be sure come see him if he ever was in any perplexity or trouble."

"Did he?"

"No, he didn't think that he had any great enough occasion, and not very long after that Bishop Brooks died. He wished, then, he'd gone. Ma, how did Uncle Jonas seem to-day?"

"Why, he seemed a sight chippered, seemed to me. He brought you a box of candy, yesterday, when he paid me."

"He's always so good to me," sighed the girl.

"Well, I guess you're good to him, too," snapped Mrs. Carney; "he never got his darning done neater than you do it, and find your own thread, too. Well, if you got time to stand out here gassin', I ain't, and I guess Barney Martin kin find you inside the house as well's out."

Though the words sounded peevish, Mrs. Carney was well pleased with her daughter, as Delight perfectly understood. Yet as she went into the house

the girl sighed to herself—"I wish I'd seen Uncle Jonas before he went!"

Had she been able to behold Jonas Wainwright at the moment of her thought, she would have seen nothing to justify any depression, only a tidy little old man with a singularly interested and alert expression, swaying on a car-strap which he had just clutched, having given his seat to a feeble little woman with a baby, and his friendly admonition to the athletic Harvard student and the young negro fop who had sat placidly in front of her gyrations.

The car bumped past Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue and veered unwieldily down Boylston. From his side, Wainwright could not see Trinity Church, so he went out on the platform. He looked long and intently at the great pile, perhaps the noblest monument of the most imaginative American architect. In that subdued and pallid atmosphere it seemed built of shadow stones, massive only as clouds are, and about it the shrubs and trees of the Public Gardens dripped on the thawing snow, bleak and sad.

The old man sighed for the first time. "Well, good-by," he was thinking. "I'd like to go once more to church, and I'd like once more to see Dely, but, maybe, I'd give myself away, and it would be one more day to pay for!"

He did not look up again until the car was descending the gentle incline past the ragged wall of shrubs, which is so dazzling with light and color in summer, into the roaring subway. In the subway he changed to the elevated road, but the train was late and he had barely time to swing aboard the Gloucester car at the North Station. Not since he went to Gloucester on the wild skipper's last journey had he been on the cars. "Seats spotted jest like they were then," he muttered. He did not look out the window. He was seeing visions of his brother and his brother's life, from the time of his reckless youth before he went to sea, and Jonas used to help his mother dissemble his drunken headaches before the neighbors, to those days of suspense in the court-room, his brother at his side, while the impassive twelve faces on whom everything hung mocked their torment, and so on to the final dragging years of helplessness, the caged wild beast breaking his helpless, sullen heart.

Jonas had almost hated him in the early time, because he made their mother suffer so much; but there came years of calm when Abner was sailing the seas, in reputable condition on his visits, and showing a lavish good-will by strange gifts—ivories and silks and fragrant woods. During this halcyon period the mother had lived contentedly with her dutiful son and his wife, and it was her good hap to die before Abner returned in chains to be tried for murder; his wife, also, was dead by then, so that Jonas was the only one to be punished for Abner's sins; and the man's danger, his high, if brutal, courage, and the misery peeping behind his callous pride, drew his brother to him. "I guess 'twas knowing I was the only mortal being he had to help him, and that he was all I'd left to need me, made me kinder cling to him"—thus the old man's thoughts ran as the train moved slowly out on to the flats past the inky black piles and the tidewater scummed with ice-bound snow—"and he was real good company when he was easier, and never did much harm in his contrary fits, 'cept to the furniture!" He gave a reminiscent smile to some grotesque outbreaks of the past. "And he certainly did git more peaceful and Christian-like toward the end. I make no doubt he and ma are in heaven together now. I do hope he's got over wanting to shy things at folks, though, or the angels will have to skip lively." Here he checked a grin severely. "I'd ought to be ashamed of myself. Someway I never could take things serious as I ought. Poor ma used to reprove me oftener for that than anything else I remember. Well, I bless God I'd a tidy sum saved up, and she'd a cab to go to church in rainy Sundays, and all the street-car rides she wanted; and how she and mother did enjoy gitting a good dinner when the Gloucester folks would come to town! Ah, well! I didn't have those good times long enough to git any foolish vainglory, for I never held my head up after Abner's trial—" His thoughts, as is the ill-regulated manner of thoughts, misted from definite sentences into pictures or sensations, and he was again seated in that greasy arm-chair in the hot court-room, with the jury lolling uncomfortably behind their palm-leaf fans, and the judge in his court-room black (it was before the day of robes for the Superior Court), and the heart withering within him, because of familiar sea-port faces drifting in among the strangers. He never made sign of recognition, and he never went back to Gloucester until he went with his brother's coffin. For one thing, it was a Gloucester lad whom Abner had slain, whether with or without adequate provocation, and there was an ugly story of money owed and a debt wiped out foully in the creditor's blood. He never knew quite the rights of the tale, but he found out enough afterward to induce him to send his last thousands to the boy's mother, and to say his only

reproachful words to Abner. "It's what our mother would have made you do if you had the money," he said, "and I'll do it for you, for her sake, not yours."

Well, he had held up his head with the best of them to the last. He held it up after his brother went. He paid the doctor, he paid the undertaker, and he would have been able to lay up a little sum for his old age if his eyes had lasted. At this, he was back at his bench, with the work which he had loved so blurring before him: because of the blur he was slow, he was careful. The envelope did not hold as much as once by many dollars on the weekly pay-days. But the work hadn't fallen off. It was just as true. His hand was as firm—if he did have needle-like pains jabbing him with every stroke. Yet it cut a man to feel himself growing old, and not a living soul to care for or to care for him. Only Delight; he had saved the girl from more than he knew himself, for he was of too chivalrous and clean a nature to let his fancy act as scavenger among squalid temptations. She meant to be a good girl; she would be a good girl—that he was assured, and he went no further; therefore he gave her the deference and the respect he kept for all good women, and by degrees grew to care for her tenderly. But she was young, she was pretty, she would be finding a mate and happiness, and he was only a poor lodger of her mother's who barely could pay his way. Of a sudden the scene shifted, as he thought: "But now I can't pay my way!" for he was in the doctor's office, and the doctor—a good, kind man—was telling him with gentle circumlocution that he could not use his eyes for a year; they would never be any better, they might grow worse, possibly with rest and care they might improve, but any use of them in his trade would ruin them.

Well, he was glad that the only feeling in his mind was, "Jonas, you've been a soldier, you've got to git out of this here in good shape!" and every word he said was "Thank you, sir; I guess you've broken it to me as easy as you could. How much is it?" He remembered just how the old wallet felt in his fingers, and how it flashed over him that he mightn't have enough money saved up for him; but the doctor said, "Well, I don't think I'd like to take money for telling a man a thing like that."

So he thanked him another time. It was kind of the doctor to shake hands with him, and he went away.

He went, crushed like, telling himself he'd have to go on the town. Standing in his room, the full bitterness swept over him, and he cried aloud, "If I'd only died first!" As he spoke he saw the pipe which Abner carried all over the world and left to him, and it was as if he heard Abner saying again: "Once the pirates caught me, but they couldn't scare me, for I always carried round with me the way out. I wasn't going to give up my mates. Well, I got rescued then, but it's a big thing to have your own rescue always ready."

"But," said Jonas—he remembered what he said perfectly—"you wouldn't have the right to use the way unless it was sure death anyhow, and guess you would have the right to choose an easy death for a hard one, 'specially if those heathen peoples was trying to persuade you to give information that might hurt your shipmates, and human nature might give way!"

Abner had nodded: "I'll say this for you, Jo, you're not a sneak, but I guess a man's got the right to go when it gits so bad he's no comfort in living."

"No," said Jonas, "I take it a man's put here by God Almighty just as a soldier's given a post, and he's no right to go till he gits his discharge. So long's a single person needs him he hasn't got his discharge."

He remembered the talk as if it were yesterday. And distinctly, as clearly as a mortal voice could sound, he heard Abner's sea-roughened tones, "Well, you got your discharge, all right, to-day!" Had he? Was it possible that this which had seemed to him an unbearable burden was really the mercy of God? His

permit to leave a hard and lonely world? He walked to the little window where he could look out toward the reddening skies where the sunset was hidden by the city roofs. Always his simple heart had imaged supernal glories behind that pageant. He softly repeated a hymn which he had found copied by his wife in one of her books, after her death:

"Beyond the hills where the suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
There lies the land of fair renown,
The land which I so soon shall know."

"I wish it was soon!" he mused. "Oh! I do wish it. I've been lonesome so long." He went back to the pipe, standing sunken in thought for a long while, considering whether as a Christian man he could leave the world of his own motion. In his distempered musings he cast his eyes about the room; directly before him was a picture of Bishop Brooks, which he had bought in more prosperous days, framed according to the taste of the department-store clerk who had framed photographs in Gloucester before he came to Boston, and who surrounded the noble face with red plush and bronze. "Bishop Brooks," said the old soldier, "I'm in a very great deal of trouble. I followed your sermons faithful in my daily life for more'n twenty years. I don't re-

member I ever knowingly wronged a human creature. I wa'n't improvident nor idle. I lay up a plenty for my old age. But I couldn't see my own brother on the gallows, so it all went; and now I'm old and my eyes are gone and I ain't got any folks. I do want to be gone to my folks and my wife. Bishop, you told me to come see you if I was in trouble. Here I be. Tell me I've got the right to go."

The picture made no sign, the bright eyes looked at him with their look of comprehension and encouragement, the faint smile on the beautiful, sensitive mouth did not stir; but as Jonas half turned to the pipe he heard his brother's voice again: "You got your discharge, Jonas, the doctor gave it to you to-day! Nobody needs you; you'll be eating other folks' bread; you've a right to step out; you ought to step out!"

"That's so," he answered, as he would have answered a human speech.

After that he did not argue the question any more; but made his preparations for his final exit with a view to cause as little trouble as possible. He sold some of his tools and his watch. This gave him funds to pay his board bill, and the tailor who had pressed and cleaned his best suit, as well as for the cheapest decent funeral. He made his will, leaving his few articles of furniture to Mrs. Carney, and the simple trinkets which his wife had possessed to Delight. He left her, likewise (as an afterthought), any pension money which might come to him. The application had been pigeon-holed in some Washington office so long that it had ceased to be even an asset of his hopes. Last of all, he made up a small packet of his wife's letters to him when they were "keeping company" and he was in the wars, a few little belongings of the twin boys who died in their babyhood, his wife's picture and his mother's, and some old family daguerrotypes; this packet he addressed in Delight's care, but with the direction "To Be Burned." He hesitated a moment ere he added the picture of Bishop Brooks to the heap on the table. "I don't feel some-ways like I wanted anybody to be handling that, and maybe not quite so particular to be respectful to it," he said. Then he wrote a letter to Delight which he marked, "Not to be opened till five o'clock." Having thus arranged his worldly affairs, and having set his room in order, the morning being come for some hours already, he shut the door behind him and fared forth on his quest of peace.

He had determined to go to Gloucester, to walk to his wife's grave in the old Wainwright lot, and he had with him the means of quick and painless sleep. His motives had been explained to Delight, and inclosed in the envelope was enough money for his last rites, which, as he had said, "won't cost near so much if I'm already in Gloucester, for they charge awful for a trip in a coffin."

Thus at peace, and his simple testament complete, Jonas went not merely with composure, but with thankful joy, on his last journey. Never had he or his wife doubted that they would be reunited in another world, and it was with an artless and pure-hearted anthropomorphism that he speculated on the future. "I'd ought to be able to find her out by to-morrow"—was his calculation—"and for all her glorified body I'll know her all right. I can't even think of ma, but I will soon's I've seen mother. And pa, too. And then I'll look up all the folks and the friends. (Continued on page 27.)"



With shaking hands Jonas lifted the portrait



He opened his paper and his face changed solemnly



This is the fourth of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louisiana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers.

THE
INDIANS ATTACKING A WAGON TRAIN OF PIONEERS
FOUGHT ON THE PLAINS BETWEEN RED MAN AND
PA



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THE EMIGRANTS

RAIN OF PIONEERS—ONE OF THE MANY AND FORGOTTEN BATTLES THAT WERE
N RED MAN AND WHITE, WHEN THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION FIRST SET WESTWARD

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

SLAVES OF SUCCESS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

From now until November politics will be uppermost in the minds of all Americans. "Slaves of Success" is the title of a series of political stories which every prospective voter ought to read. In them Mr. Flower has given us a truthful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being played to-day in every town, county, and state of the United States. The characters are drawn with great fidelity, and the story of how Azro Craig, an honest farmer, after first fighting the "machine" in the Legislature, gradually comes under the influence of the "boss," is told with both force and humor. There are to be six stories in the series, of which the titles are:

THE NECESSARY VOTE—May Fiction Number
THE REFORMER REFORMED—June Fiction Number
A MORTGAGE ON A MAN—July Fiction Number

THE SLAVERY OF A BOSS—August Fiction Number
A STRATEGICAL DEFEAT—September Fiction Number
AZRO CRAIG'S AWAKENING—October Fiction Number



THE NECESSARY VOTE

THE day after Azro Craig was nominated for the Legislature he found himself surprisingly popular; three days later he wondered if people thought he was to be the whole Lower House. For Azro Craig was an unknown quantity politically, and therefore an object of solicitous interest to all those who sought legislative power. He had been nominated as a Republican, but there was little reason to believe that he would consent to wear the party collar. He was a guileless, hard-headed old fellow, with unlimited faith in his friends, but inclined to be obstinate and suspicious where faith was lacking. Consequently, he would not be an easy man to handle.

The nomination was a surprise to the politicians. The "machine" had been back of Nagle, but the good people of this country district had wearied of the "machine." The word conveyed only a hazy idea to them, but the newspapers had taught them to attribute all that was evil in State politics to the few men who were popularly supposed to be at the head of it, so they had turned out in unexpected force at the primaries to put the stamp of their disapproval on Nagle. It naturally followed that they had put up a man who had as fierce a hatred of the "machine" as any of them, and quite as little practical knowledge of it. In this emergency certain prominent politicians began to wonder whether it would not be advisable to elect the Democratic candidate. The district was Republican by only a small majority, and a little quiet treachery would almost certainly change the result. Indeed, if the Democrats made an aggressive fight and the Republicans practically no fight at all, it was more than likely that the Democrats would win. Possibly a "deal" might be made that would be more advantageous than the election of an obstinate old mossback. Thus it happened that Azro Craig received more attention than it was customary to give a nominee in that district.

The first man to arrive on the scene, after the neighbors had extended their congratulations and warned their candidate of the wiles of practical politics, was Tom Higbie, who had been sent by Ben Carroll, and there was an element of treachery here. It had been arranged that John Wade should go, for Wade had once lived in the district and knew the people, but Carroll was afraid that Wade might so arrange matters as to give himself more power, and he had enough already. Wade was politically unscrupulous, but personally honest—a combination sometimes found. This means that he was not a boddler himself, but that he was not above helping boddlers in order that he might use them politically. He would not offer a man money, but for a political price he would let him steal it from others or from the State. Carroll, on the other hand, used politics for his pecuniary advantage; with him power had a cash value, in addition to being personally gratifying. He liked to rule, but he played politics principally because it put him in the way of making money. At the present time he could not get along without Wade, and Wade could not get along without him. Their alliance was one of convenience, which either would terminate the moment he felt himself strong enough to do it. So Carroll had put the case to his lieutenant, Higbie, in this form:

"Wade is going down there next week to look the ground over, but I don't see why we can't do the job first. The House is going to be pretty close, and I'd rather not have Wade in a position to dictate terms, as he may if he gets that yahoo on his staff. I want to make Mackin Speaker. Mackin is our man, and, with him in the chair, we can organize the House and make Wade keep in line in order to get any favors at all. He'll have to stick to us. But the margin is so small that a very little may upset everything. He has a personal hold on some men now, and control of this yahoo is likely to give him a grip on some others of the same class—they stick together pretty closely now and then. If you can pledge Craig to Mackin, we'll take chances on getting him when we need him after that; if you can't, see what you can do with the Democrat, Rowley. We can't use him on strictly party measures, but I'm told he can be reached on pretty nearly everything else, and a 'handy' Democrat is a whole lot more useful than a balky Republican, and won't be as dangerous to our Speakership plan. And Wade isn't going to like the Mackin idea at all. That's why we've got to see that he doesn't get too much power. Do you understand the situation?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, make a smooth job of it, and, if Rowley looks like the best man for us, I'll see what kind of a deal can be made at this end of the line. The Democrats ought to be willing to concede us something if we put their man through in a Republican district. I wouldn't wonder if Hatton and Dailey would help us organize the House, in a pinch, just to turn down Wade. They know where our organization will be of advantage later. I'll see them if that seems to be the best thing to do."

With these instructions, which show how "machine" men of opposite parties can sometimes meet on the common ground of personal or pecuniary benefit, Higbie sought Craig and had a long talk with him. But Higbie was not a good man to handle Craig. There was something in his manner that suggested the schemer. He hinted at things that he did not explain, and he talked too much of being "with the party" and not enough of being conscientious. Perhaps his idea of conscientiousness was "being with the party." At any rate, his main argument was that they had to pull together or the Democrats would control.

"That ain't worryin' me," retorted Craig. "There's good Democrats an' there's bad Republicans. You kin count me ag'in the 'machine' on both sides."

Then Higbie tried to explain that the "machine" was merely the necessary party organization, which impractical reformers had maligned until they had

for their purposes. Rowley had changed his party twice. Beginning as a Democrat, he had switched to the Republicans and then back to the Democrats. He was not a man to let a little matter like political affiliations interfere with his own interests, so he had changed whenever it had seemed to be to his advantage. The Democrats, although they had no great love for him, had nominated him as a matter of party expediency. He would draw some independent votes, and he could be controlled by those who would need his services. Knowing this much about him, Higbie quietly arranged for a confidential chat.

Craig, suspicious, but unsophisticated, puzzled his head not a little over the significance of Higbie's visit. He had expected to meet and fight the "machine" at Springfield, but he had not expected that the people in Chicago would take such an immediate interest in him. It looked to him as if he were of more importance than he had supposed. This idea was strengthened by a call from a representative of a political reform organization that sought to do with the Legislature what the Municipal Voters' League had previously attempted, with reasonable success, to do with the Chicago City Council. It investigated the records of candidates and sought to pledge them in advance to certain principles of legislation, and to a line of action that would thwart the plans of the unscrupulous.

Letters and circulars had come from the Chicago headquarters of this organization, but Craig was suspicious of all pledges and he had ignored them. Nor did the agent impress him any more favorably than the letters and circulars. The agent seemed to look upon him with tolerant condescension. He was earnest, but there was an aloofness about him that was aggravating. Somehow he gave the impression—quite unintentionally, of course—that he was a superior person. And Craig would have none of him. "I ain't signin' pledges nor makin' promises," said Craig.

"My dear sir," said the reformer, with lofty complacency, "I fear you do not understand. All we desire is to wrest the control of legislation from those who will use it unscrupulously. We realize that it would be folly to attempt to interfere with purely party measures, even though some of them may be questionable, but we hope to put an end to many forms of corruption. This task is more difficult in a State than in a city, for the party is more important, but there is no reason why it can't be done in time. With the aid of the honest independents we can teach the politicians the importance of putting up good men. The independent voters turn against an objectionable party man every little while, so why not organize and concentrate that independent force with a view to compelling the parties to put up good men? To do that effectively, we must pledge the candidates and study their records. Now, you have no record—"

"You go to thunder!" roared Craig. "I got a record of forty year in this one township, an' all the folks know I'm square. You git out! I ain't goin' to have nobody tellin' me what it's my duty to do, an' I ain't goin' to make a promise—not a darned one."

The air of the man exasperated Craig, and so it happened that he was labeled "Doubtful," although, as Rowley was designated "Bad," this did no particular harm. The reformer did not know how to handle him, but this was also true of all others—until Wade came. Wade was a better judge of men, and he had the advantage of knowing both Craig and the district, although it was all of ten years since he had seen either. Moreover, Craig had a sort of sneaking admiration for Wade. He had gone to the city and had become a big man, which was proof of his ability. True, he was identified with the "machine," but one could admire his success and still be reasonably cautious about succumbing to his influence. And Wade urged nothing. He was the same old Jack Wade of years ago.

"Great guns, Azro!" he cried, when he met the old man, "how did you do it?"

"I didn't do it," laughed Azro. "You folks up to Chicago did it by takin' so blamed much int'rest in Nagle. You got him so plastered over with 'machine' tags that the people couldn't stand him. We ain't electin' men down here to represent a lot of you Chicago fellers, you know."

"That's right, too," Wade declared heartily. "I told the boys to keep their hands off, but they wouldn't listen to me. Well, I'm glad you got it."

Much more did Wade say in the same line, and he talked politics with Craig for over an hour, but never



"You go to thunder!" roared Craig

made an opprobrious term of an innocent word, but Craig was obdurate. He did not believe in the "machine," and he would make no pledges whatever.

"All we want," said Higbie, "is to make sure that the House will be organized on a good Republican basis."

"You kin do that easy," returned Craig, "by doin' it right, but I ain't goin' to help organize on no 'machine' basis. When I git to Springfield I'll see how things is an' act accordin'."

"You may not get to Springfield if you don't have the party behind you," suggested Higbie.

"Goin' to turn me down, are you?" exclaimed Craig hotly. "Well, you go plump to thunder!"

"You misunderstand me," urged Higbie. "We'll support you, of course, but you'll stand better if there's no question as to your party loyalty."

"The folks here knows what I stand for, an' that's enough," asserted Craig aggressively.

"Why not take a run up to Chicago and have a talk with the party leaders?" asked Higbie, seeing that he would be able to do nothing with the man alone. "That will give you an idea of the situation and of the need of harmony. Together we can rule, and you will be of real value to your district, but no one of us can do anything alone. We'll be glad to see you, and when you know the men I think you'll take a different view of things."

Craig said that he might do this, but Higbie already had given him up as an unsatisfactory proposition. It was advisable to treat him as cleverly as possible, so far as outward appearances went; but Rowley, the Democrat, might easily prove to be the better man

once did he even suggest that he had the slightest interest in the old man's course of action. He advised nothing, argued for nothing, and asked no questions that could possibly arouse suspicion. But he learned all that he wished to know, which was that Craig would be "anti-machine" on everything.

"Ever been to Chicago, Azro?" he asked finally.

"Once, twenty year ago," replied Craig.

"Why don't you run up some day? You know I'm always glad to see you. Just go right to the house and make yourself at home."

So far as possible, Wade was clever to every one. "You never can tell when you may need a man," was the way he put it, "so the more you have on your staff the better you are fixed for emergencies." He had decided that Craig would be "worse than a Democrat," but that was no reason why he should not hold his friendship, if he could. He had not the same use for Rowley that Carroll had, but a good hold on Rowley would have its advantages, and a strong "anti-machine" Republican would be an absolute menace. Furthermore, it was policy to let Carroll have his way in this matter, and Carroll wanted a spoilsman. Wade could strengthen his own hold on the party machinery by giving this spoilsman to those who had need of him, at the same time escaping a political danger. For he felt that there was danger in this intractable old man, with his intense hatred of "machine" politics.

A secret conference with Rowley was as important in Wade's case as it had been in Higbie's, for public knowledge of it would create comment and arouse suspicion. But to the suggestion that such a conference be arranged he received a most startling reply.

"Mr. Rowley says it would be a risk that is unnecessary," the go-between reported. "He already has seen Higbie, and it's all right."

"Seen Higbie," mused Wade, when he was alone. "Why has Higbie been here when the job was left to me?"

He had no need to ask the question of himself, for the answer was framed in his mind before it was really asked. It was Carroll's work. Carroll wanted this man for himself; he wanted him for certain "jobs" that would follow the organization of the House, and he did not wish to pay a political price for him to any one else. He was strengthening himself—preparing, so far as possible, to "go it alone."

"That means trouble," commented Wade. "If I don't watch out I'll be on a side-track somewhere. I wonder if he saw Craig."

A delay of a day or two and another casual meeting with the old farmer gave him the information he desired on this point. Higbie had seen Craig, had failed to pledge him, and had asked him to come to Chicago. Wade quickly saw that Higbie had made an unfavorable impression, and another man in his place would have told the old man of the contemplated treachery. But Wade deemed it wisdom to let that information come later, and, if possible, through some other source. "He's got to be handled carefully," he said. "He'd look to see where I was interested, and he'd find out. Then I'd be losing, instead of gaining, his confidence."

Wade went back to Chicago and called together a few of his personal followers, with whom he went over the situation carefully. According to indications, he might or might not have considerable strength in the Legislature. Some he might properly call "his men," but there were others whose loyalty would depend largely on the showing he was able to make; they favored him, but favored themselves more, and would not hesitate to ally themselves with a stronger combination. If Carroll could get these, he might easily control, and there was no doubt that Carroll was seeking to make himself the absolute dictator.

"I wish I could get a grip on that hayseed," he muttered. "He may be the key to the situation. How the devil can I make him my friend?"

He wrote to him, making certain wise suggestions for the campaign, and he exerted his own influence in his behalf. He even sent one of his followers down there to do a little quiet work, for he considered Rowley quite out of the question now. He began to hear talk of Mackin for Speaker, too, and his first impulse was to notify Carroll that this was equivalent to a declaration of war, but he thought better of it. With Mackin in the chair, Carroll would rule, and Carroll must be pretty sure of his ground or he never would have dared risk the opposition that this plan would arouse. All in all, it was better to meet this trickster on his own ground of strategy and duplicity.

It was about a week after this—a week devoted to investigation and hard work, during which men had been sent to various parts of the State to wield what promised to be a faction of the "machine" more closely together and to see what could be done to add to its numerical strength—that Wade found Craig sitting on his doorstep, and it took all his self-control to withhold an exclamation of astonishment and protest. Craig had come to the city as a result of the many invitations to do so—some extended as a mere matter of form and some in the hope that he would really come, for even those contemplating treachery were anxious to keep on the right side of him temporarily. He had prepared for the trip by donning "store clothes," which did not fit, and a pair of new boots, which hurt. The city pavements troubled him, and his feet were painfully sore when he appeared at the door of Wade's home.

"Jack Wade live here?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wade, who had happened to come to the door herself.

"I'm Craig—Azro Craig," the old man explained. "He told me to come here an' make myself to home."

Mrs. Wade, being the wife of a politician, had become accustomed to all sorts of queer characters; so

she assured Craig that her husband would return soon and asked him to come in.

"Reckon I better wait here," returned Craig. "It's so darned close indoors."

As he held to this determination, he was left on the steps, where he amused himself by making a careful survey of the exterior of the house. To do this the better he crossed the street and sat on the opposite curb.

"An' Jack Wade didn't use to have no better home than I got," he muttered. "By gum! he's a smart feller, an' I'm darned if I ain't proud of him." Then after another survey of the house, "An' that there belongs to Jack Wade, that was my friend down to the farm, an' he acts like he was the same old Jack Wade, too."

He wandered back to the steps, sat down, and pulled off his boots to ease his feet. The home-made knit socks, with conical toes, stuck out like a pair of submarine boats, and these caught Wade's attention the first thing; but, as recorded, he restrained the exclamation that sprang to his lips.

"Tryin' to ease my hoofs," explained the old man, "but I won't do it in the parlor nor at meal times, so don't you worry."

"Oh, that's all right, Azro," returned Wade genially. "It's you and not your boots that we're glad to see. Come up to my den and we'll have a talk."

The old man followed, carrying his boots, much to the astonishment and dismay of Mrs. Wade, and presently was comfortably settled in a big chair in the room that Wade had reserved for his own use, while the boots rested on a table. While this was distressing to Wade, it happened to be, in this instance, a minor detail of the game of politics—and he is a short-sighted politician who sees only the things that have a direct bearing on the game. The theoretical politician would bring all to his standard of life; the practical makes some concessions to theirs.

"Say, Jack!" remarked Craig, when he was comfortably settled, "what's the matter with them reform fellers?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Wade.

"Well, I was up to see 'em," explained Craig. "They wrote askin' me to come, so I come; but it looks like they think their brand's the only thing that makes a feller good. The way they talked you'd think there wasn't any virtue anywhere, only what's got their stamp on it. Why, they pretty near had me wild—not owin' to what they said so much as the way they said it. Who made them the boss of me, anyhow? Just 'cause they're leanin' away from evil so hard that they're fallin' over backwards, ain't no sign that they're the only good people there is. They aggravate me, that's what they do. They act like I was a poor suff'rin' sinner, that ought to give thanks for a chance to git in the glory of their smiles."

"Did you sign their pledge?" asked Wade, quite casually.

"Sign nothin'!" exclaimed Craig. "They ain't my kind; they're 'way off somewheres, an' I don't seem to git close to 'em. Looked like they had an idee they was so big an' good an' wise that folks ought to do what they said jest 'cause they said it. A feller can see that they're sort of lookin' down on him, even when they talk nice; they ain't sociable."

"Oh, they are not so bad," said Wade magnanimously.

"Ain't they ag'in you?" asked Craig.

"They have opposed me in some ways," explained Wade, "but they mean well."

"By gum, Jack! folks has lied about you," asserted Craig admiringly. "I was lookin' to have you tell me those fellers was the meanest skunks livin', like Higbie did."

"Have you seen Higbie?"



The old man was comfortably settled in a big chair

"Yep. Went to the headquarters where he hangs out, an' when I told him how these reform folks looked to me, he couldn't talk mean enough—said they was all lookin' out for the best of it an' was reg'lar hypocrites."

"That's not so," said Wade promptly. "They're doing the best they know how, according to their ideas, but they're narrow-minded and they can't get down to the level of the people."

"Darn me if you ain't better'n all of 'em, Jack!"

cried the old man. "You're the only one that's talked anyways decent about the others. Why, they said you was workin' to be, or to own, a United States Senator, an' didn't give a hang what happened s'long as you could run the 'machine' while you was doin' that."

"That only shows their egotism and narrow-mindedness," remarked Wade carelessly, although the statement was dangerously near the truth.

"An' they seemed to think all I wanted was lickin' an' se-gars an' some fun," Craig went on with some indignation. "Kept tellin' me to drop in whenever I wanted an' help myself, an' I heard Higbie say to 'take that old billy-goat down an' make him think he

was livin' high by openin' a bottle of champagne." Carroll talked nice, but he was always showin' me how I could git good things on the committees by bein' with the party. 'We take care of our people,' he said. I tell you, Jack, it looked like they thought I was jest graftin', an' I could see some of 'em was laughin' at me, too. They ain't my kind, Jack; they got too much idee of everybody watchin' to gain somethin' for himself; I wouldn't trust 'em. Fact is, I heard when I was leavin' home that they was dickerin' with the Democrats."

"It's possible," admitted Wade, noncommittally, "but I would hesitate to believe it without some evidence."

"Jack, you're white," asserted the old man, impulsively leaning forward to take his hand, "an' you're the only white man I've seen in Chicago. All the rest of 'em is doin' dirt an' talkin' dirt one way or another."

Wade, knowing his man, had got the grip on him that others had failed to get, and that is the secret of successful practical politics. Some men know how to do it one way and some know how to do it another, but the true politician has no hard and fast rule. He gauges his man and acts accordingly. For the first time, Craig felt that he had a generous political friend; all others sought to be his political masters, either by purchase or by right of birth and commercial standing.

Wade saw his advantage and made the most of it. He insisted that the old man should remain two or three days; he introduced him to his wife and children, who gave him cordial greeting and treated him as a welcome friend; he invited a few friends in to dinner, expressly stipulating that there should be no dress suits, and the friends were diplomatic and clever. One among them was a business man of some prominence, and he reciprocated by giving a stag dinner at his club. How Wade arranged for this it is unnecessary to state; let it be sufficient to say that the man was an intimate friend who would do much for Wade, and who rather enjoyed the old man's breezy comment and rustic simplicity, anyway.

"But they'll all be wearin' spike-tails there," protested Craig. "Don't believe I better go."

"Nonsense," returned Wade. "I won't wear one, so there'll be two of us anyway."

That dinner was worth more than weeks of argument and explanation. There were men there whose names Craig had seen in the papers, and they were not politicians, so he felt reasonably sure that friendship and not politics was at the bottom of it. There was a freshness and sincerity about him that made them like him, too, and he was flattered to find himself among such men. Here were successful men, big men, and he was one of them; he was seeing something of real city life—not the features that are provided for every stranger who has the price, but the real thing. He forgot about his clothes and talked freely. It was an experience that he could and would treasure.

And all this was part of the game of politics, as played by an astute man. Carroll would have done as much, if he had had the wisdom; but the reformers would have thought it more than should be expected of them. With them, politics is too often a thing apart, to be taken up during the spare time that they can give to it and then put aside; they would not take it into their business or their homes. With the practical politicians it is of first importance everywhere and at all times. And somehow the practical politicians seem to have the best of it when the test comes.

Craig returned home, singing the praises of Wade. There was nothing of envy in the old man's heart; he was glad to see a man from his district do so well in the city—this was local pride—and he was glad to find him so good a man and so companionable and democratic in his ways.

"He ain't swelled up a bit," he said. "He's jest as glad to see his old friends as he ever was, an' it ain't politics, either. It's friendship; that's what it is. We talked politics in a friendly way, but that's all, an' there wasn't nothin' but politics to the other fellers; they jest wanted to 'fix' you one way or another an' then have you mosey along—nothin' real, you know. I tell you, folks has lied about Jack Wade."

Craig learned, too, that his election, which followed later, was partly due to Wade's efforts—Wade saw to it that he should learn this in a roundabout way—and that there had been treachery in other quarters. He verified, sufficiently for his purpose, the story that he had heard before leaving for Chicago. After that he was Wade's man.

Carroll knew this, and he redoubled his efforts in other quarters, but so did Wade. (Continued on p. 28.)

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THE RESTRICTING CLAUSE

By JOHNSON MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

FOR seventeen years Ann Foss had been librarian of the Acton Library. In the early days her duty consisted in unlocking the side door of Mrs. Asa Burden's shed-room on Tuesday afternoons, and mounting guard over some slender rows of discreet books in brown paper—a nucleus formed from the leavings of successive summer boarders of philanthropic tendency. Then the Ladies' Aid Society (having no wars on its hands) took up the matter, and, after a series of fairs, readings, and an unexpected windfall or two, the library marched triumphant to the chamber over the Town Hall, where Miss Foss sat in gratifying isolation behind a railing, and, three days a week, gave out books with bits of sage literary advice and acquired that authority of manner which, later on—after the Hon. Phineas Bowles had tardily remembered the town of his humble birth in his will—landed her in the haven of a salaried position in the smart Colonial building that flanked the Freewill Baptist Church. Not that the honor came unchallenged, for when it was learned that a salary of four hundred dollars a year was made possible by the terms of the bequest an army of claimants appeared. It would be useless to number the cabals and struggles that marred two town meetings. Sam Volney's paper, the "Clarion," backed him; the Church supported the claim of Deacon Burr's son, while the Widow Bibby relied on her importunity, and sat, on the back row of seats, a pathetic figure with a twin on either side. But Miss Foss, with experience behind her, a look of competency on her smooth brow, an impressive knowledge of things literary at her tongue's end, and, more than all, that air of authority which comes to those who have "forbidden" for years, won over the field and got the appointment.

After that the little town settled to the enjoyment of its privileges. Every day at precisely ten minutes before two o'clock Miss Foss entered the library buildings and locked the door carefully behind her; a window was flung up, and then came a period of stillness till nine minutes later, when the key turned in its lock again. An early caller or two was admitted, and the business of the day began—a well-ordered, regular business; the giving out of books, the looking up of a reference for a school composition, or data for Mrs. Evans's paper on "Marie Antoinette as a Mother," to be read in the vestry at the Wednesday Literature Circle next week.

Yet on this particular July afternoon the heart of Miss Foss was far from serene. Under an outward calm reigned a discontent that had grown apace since the proud moment of her accession, for to all the honor and dignity of her position was attached a "Restricting Clause," and the increasing pressure of this the little librarian was feeling to the full. At the very end of the Hon. Phineas's will it had been appended—unlucky afterthought: "I hereby direct that my brother Clarence Bowles, by virtue of his tastes and interest in such matters, shall be a sort of adviser to the directors and librarian of said library, and that his opinion shall be followed in questions that do not have to deal too definitely with financial matters."

Airy phrases these, that seemed at first mere graceful figures of speech, but which proved, alas, rocks in the pathway of Miss Foss. Now Mr. Clarence Bowles, a neatly preserved gentleman, well turned of sixty, had evinced early in life tastes that brought upon him the contempt of his brother. The child of his parents' old age, of delicate disposition, he had been coddled through infancy and petted through childhood, so that at twenty-five, a full-fledged dilettante, he had spent the whole of his small patrimony in a trip to Europe, only to return, penniless, some months later to catch the metaphorical crusts that his brother threw him disdainfully, yet half proudly. Clarence painted a little, could sing a song, once he had written a book of poems, and it was said that the great sculptor, Mr. Thomas Starbuck, himself a native of Acton, had been so struck by the lines of his brow and chin that he had perpetuated those features in his statue of the "Young Isaac." This fact alone had set Clarence apart.

Promptly on the second morning of Miss Foss's occupancy he had appeared, and, seated opposite her in a mahogany chair that bore his name on a silver plate at its back, had addressed her in his thin, precise voice: "It's a pleasure, a great pleasure, to see you here, Ann. The sight of you recalls many a boyhood memory to me." He coughed gently. "You seem so associated with my youth, Ann, that as I look at you it all comes back to me."

Ann bridled a little. In the old days there had been what might be called the "beginning" of an "understanding" between the gentle lad and the energetic girl. She thought of a home-made valentine, with an original verse, tucked away in silver paper in the back of her bureau drawer, and wondered if he still kept the muffer she had made. But she turned to him calmly.

"Yes, Clarence, it does seem good and natural to sit

talking here with you after all these years, and I hope to see you often. The will, you know, gives you a certain position in the library, and it's likely you'll look in on me from time to time. You'll always be welcome, Clarence," she added primly.

"Yes, I know." Mr. Bowles put on his glasses and produced a paper from his pocket case. "It's about the library that I want to speak to-day. There are two or three things that I'd like particularly to call to your attention."

Miss Foss flushed. She was quick to take offence, and there certainly was a note of implied rebuke in his tone. This from Caddy Bowles, who hadn't spunk enough to walk home with her from singing-school in the old days, but had kept a distance behind on the other side! It was almost too much, but she remembered the "restricting clause" and turned attentively. "I've been through every shelf," he went on in small, clicking phrases, "and there seem several, several too many, little mistakes of arrangement that must be corrected. So I've taken the liberty of jotting them down for you."

Ann took the paper with dignity, folded it into a neat square, and tucked it into the bead bag at her side. "I did them myself, Clarence, and I am sure that everything was correct."

He smiled as she went to attend to a child with a book, as if to close the interview, and rose too. "And there's one thing I didn't jot down," he called after

rearranged her neat black apron and stole a glance at the smooth hair reflected in the little gilt mirror over her desk—a mirror intended for no such vain uses, but rather of a detective in its way; it exposed the sins of the young to the eye of the law.

"I do wonder what Clarence will have to find fault with next," she thought. "He made me get my catalogue done by that woman from New York when I could have done it just as well myself, and he put 'Trilby' back into the library when, goodness knows, it's a book that half the girls in town hadn't ought to read. He's bolder than he used to be, at any rate, and he's here all the time. Last Monday about the furniture polish I was to use; on Friday about the color of my delivery cards—buff or salmon—the fussbudget. And here 'tis only Monday! I declare, I'm getting tired of it all. Yet he is a nice man, and I suppose he does know!"

A step grated the threshold; there was a careful wiping of a pair of shoes on the mat, and a faint glow of pleasure tinged Miss Foss's cleanly soul at the sound as the "Advisory Board" stood before her.

Clarence was dressed to-day with more than common care; his thin hair was tossed into an aged semblance of the curls that years ago crowned "Young Isaac's" brow; an opal pin flashed from his starched white tie, and his open gray coat disclosed a colored waistcoat with pearl buttons. He held a straw hat with a gay ribbon in his left hand, as he took her limp right in his.

"You are surprised to see me so soon again, Ann?" She drew in her breath.

"I'm never surprised to see you, Clarence; you don't give me a chance," she added dryly; "besides, I got the telegram about an hour ago. What's the trouble now?"

Mr. Bowles had seated himself delicately with outspread coat-tails, and was drawing a fine silk handkerchief across his brow. "You see, Ann, this is a very especial occasion. I've a suggestion—we may call it a proposition—to make. I've already seen the directors, Mr. Thom and Deacon Fairbanks, last week." Ann winced a little, for she liked to be first, even at the rack. "And they have agreed? You see it is like this." He hitched his chair nearer her own, and went on in a breathless way that disclosed some agitation.

"You are aware that Acton has, from time to time, been the birthplace of some remarkable men—and women," he hastened to qualify—"men who went forth into the waiting world and trod the path of fame—paths of fame, I should say, for they led to varied summits. My lamented brother—in oils—was one of them, of course."

"Then Eli Pearson, he invented the clothes-pin, you know, and"—with a wave of a white hand—"we have a little tribute to his memory in our relic case."

"Then Miss Wolcott, your relative, the 'Educationalist,' we may call her—a woman spoken highly of by Froebel himself; her white tombstone marks the slope of yonder hill, quite visible from our southeast window."

"And Oscar Barker—'Cattle King of the West'—donor of our beautiful symbolic fountain, of which a photograph graces these walls." Instinctively Miss Foss turned to regard it. "But—" and here Clarence paused for effect—"of all Acton's sons none shines with clearer light than the great sculptor Starbuck, he who hewed from solid rock fair fancies of his brain."

"He made statues, I believe," interrupted the lady with some acidity. The "Advisory Board" heeded no interpolation.

"And of this great genius there is, alas, no monument—nothing to which recollection can fondly cling. It's worse than an oversight, it's a culpable neglect"—his hand struck the chair—"that such things can be! But it shall be said no longer that Acton fails to honor her proudest scion. There shall be a copy of his greatest work here in this very spot. It is my intention, Ann"—and his voice sank to an impressive whisper—"to procure a copy of Starbuck's 'Bathing Girl' for our Entrance Hall!"

He leaned back smiling and replaced his handkerchief. The glasses fell from Miss Foss's horrified nose. Her voice sharpened.

"What are you talking about, Caddy Bowles!"—the old name shot out in her agitation—"That 'Bathing Girl' in my front hall! Well, I guess not!"

The "Advisory Board" raised a conciliatory hand. "My dear friend, you quite miss the point. 'Tis an honor for the library—a fair white replica of this lovely statue—the pride of the Old World should not be lacking in the New. What more fitting than that in this, I may say, Temple of Literature, there should be a niche for a sister art. With perhaps a screen of crimson velvet for a background—"

"Screen of crimson velvet all around it, tight," retorted the lady. "Caddy Bowles, don't you know any better than to talk like that to me? I can stand your everlasting fault-finding, hard as it is, because there's some truth in it, maybe, and because you're a man! I was mistaken about the book of Mr. Warner's. I



The "Advisory Board" raised a conciliatory hand

her. "You oughtn't to have put Charles Dudley Warner's 'Summer in a Garden' under 'Agriculture'!" Ann's color came; she shut her lips together and forgot to upbraid Johnny Jenks for a smooch on the cover of "The Lamplighter."

So it went on. A conspicuous postal card, read by Mrs. Saunders, no doubt, in the post-office, which read: "Tauchnitz was not an author. He did not write 'Quits' and 'Cometh Up as a Flower.' Don't put his name on the outside of all those little volumes." Or a letter of a more serious tone:

"Don't cut jokes out of the copies of 'Life' even if you don't like to have the children read them. There is a rule against the mutilation of magazines that would seem to apply to a librarian as well as to readers."

It was all very trying, and on this particular afternoon on Ann's desk lay a telegram which had been brought a few minutes before—a sort of thing that always disturbed her with its unaccustomed color and method of approach. It looked innocent enough: "Wish to talk with you this afternoon on important business.—C. Bowles."

He might be there at any moment. The afternoon train had whistled at the station; mechanically Ann

don't know any language but my own, thank Heaven, and I do get those foreign names mixed up. I am a stupid old woman about the catalogue, and that slip of a girl from New York was a help, though I hated her; but, when it comes to your setting there and proposing to put into my front hall, that I've always kept sweet and proper, a shameless hussy of a marble woman, with nothing on but a towel in her hand and a bracelet, to the best of my remembrance, I tell you it's got to stop! She ain't in any condition for anybody to see. I don't care if Starbuck did make her; I don't care if you made her yourself. She don't come into this library building while I have breath to deny her."

A faint color had mounted the shaven cheek of the "Advisory Board." His voice quavered. "It's all for art," he went on feebly. "She's a work of art. That's a reason for her existence."

"Art!" interrupted the librarian with awful distinctness. "If that's art I don't want any of it. I've always been found on the side of decency! Caddy Bowles, ain't you ashamed of yourself? You used to be such a nice little boy, with modest ways, too, and shy. I never thought you'd grow so bold—I never thought it." Her voice broke pitifully, and the tears stood in her eyes.

Mr. Bowles hurried toward her, gentle, apologetic, deprecatory. "Why, Ann," he stammered, "I didn't mean to hurt you. I never thought—why, you see—"

"I don't see anything," came inarticulate from her

pocket-handkerchief. Then she steeled herself with an effort and looked him full in the face.

"Clarence Bowles, that 'Bathing Girl' don't come here without it's over my dead body." Her voice rose, and two young heads from the reading-room peered curiously through the door. With dignity she pointed a long finger before her. "Once and for all," she added, "and it's my last word. You'll have to choose between her and me!"

She sank into a chair, white and weary; her hands clasped one another tightly. She was no longer the stern champion of decency, only a sobbing little woman who wanted to do right, and who, alas, remembered still.

Some subtle sense flashed the meaning of it all straight to the man's heart, stripped him of his small affectations, and left him dazed by what he understood at last. "Restricting Clause" no more, just the man he was meant to be.

Carefully he closed the door behind him against the questioning eyes outside and stood before her. "Ann," he said, and he spoke with his real voice, "do you mean just what you have asked me?" Her eyes answered him. "Why, then, Ann"—he took both her hands in his and held them close—"why, then, dear Ann, I choose you!"

And the long intervening years were forgotten, and the sun of youth shone again, and they found that the heart never grows old, and that love is just the same at sixty as at twenty, and there were no regrets as they

looked at one another; only courage and hope and the blessed consciousness that they were together.

Mrs. Bowles is librarian still, though she spends her salary for the services of a desperately capable young woman who has just finished a course in Library Economics, and is eager to try it on. Every afternoon she comes to open the building, driven in a neat, covered buggy by a dapper old gentleman, who springs eagerly to the sidewalk and helps her out. Side by side, at precisely ten minutes before two, they go in and close the door behind them, stopping in the hall, perhaps—though this is pure conjecture—to look at a statue which stands between the portraits. Of this the "Cricket," the defunct "Clarion's" spruce successor, spoke not long ago:

"Last Thursday evening the latest acquisition to the art treasures of this town was shown in the library to a host of delighted citizens. Afterward cake and coffee were served and an enjoyable time was had. It consisted of a copy of our famous townsman Starbuck's statue entitled 'Innocence,' less well known than some of his work, but remarkable for its beauty and chaste qualities. It represents a female figure, closely draped in a heavy cloak, and only the face—a sweet and appealing one—is visible. There was much talk a while ago of adorning our Temple of Literature with a copy of Starbuck's world-famous 'Bathing Girl,' but, we are glad to add, wiser counsel prevailed."

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNE ESTELLE RICE



EVERY ONE in Chadsy knew that old Peter Booth was rather narrow in his dealings with others. Those who worked for him did not give him a good name. All the little differences which distinguish one who means to beat you at a bargain from one who means to deal fairly by you came out pretty soon if you had to do with old Peter. But beyond reckoning him a hard man of business, folk thought no more of it, though there was some talk when his daughter Sarah chose to go out into service in preference to staying at home, as she might well have done, for the old man had his small bit of leasehold, and was reckoned to have saved something by the time that he had got past work.

When his wife died, every one thought his daughter would come home to look after him. But no, she did not; and Peter lived on with an old body coming in every day to do for him and going back to her own home again at night. That, no doubt, got him into lonely habits—he became very unsociable, never inviting a neighbor inside his door. With his wife's death, hers being the last life on which it was held, the land fell in to the owner; but Peter had insured himself against that event by an annuity policy, and it was known that a certain sum then began regularly to be paid him; how much or how little no one knew. When he put down the pony-cart it was understood to be because his sight was failing, so that he could no longer see to drive in safety. There was no talk, then, of its being for any other reason. But when the woman who did for him got past work, and no one else came to take her place, people did begin to think it strange; and then on the top of that it was told that he was really going blind, and one day his daughter Sarah came back to look after him.

She was almost in middle age then, and had given up a good situation as housekeeper in a gentleman's family in order to be with him. A capable, managing sort of woman was Sarah, and eminently respectable, but it was not to be looked for under the circumstances that there should be any great affection between father and daughter. Duty was what had brought her, and her duty she meant to do; but she found that old Peter had got ways of his own by then which no reasoning could disturb.

She had hardly been with him half a year when he went quite blind. People were sorry enough for him, but they seemed even a bit more sorry for Sarah. Nobody thought old Peter would be a very easy person to live with.

What I tell you now only came to be known bit by bit afterward, but I tell it in the order of its happening. We go inside the house, so to speak, so as to get Sarah's own view of affairs and understand her consequent action, which was what led at last to the whole thing becoming known.

She had not been with her father long before she noticed plainly enough that there was a difficulty with money. She was surprised at the small amount which she received week by week for the housekeeping, and though she was a born manager she found it hard enough to make ends meet. When his sight completely failed, she thought, no doubt, that she would have the entire handling of his business for him; but no—once a quarter he made her take him down into the town to his banker's, and there he would go into the manager's room alone and come out again with his annuity money in his pocket. Sarah never knew what the amount was.

It so happened, however, that just when one quarter day came round old Peter was laid up in bed, too stiff with rheumatism to move out. When the day arrived he became very fidgety and restless, and at last it ap-

peared as if he could not wait. Sarah indeed was bothering him for the usual housekeeping allowance, and by his own account he had not got it to give her. So at last he wrote by her hand a letter to the bank asking for remittance in a sealed bag to be made by bearer. He signed the letter, put in a receipt made out by himself, and closed it up.

Sarah carried it to the bank, and, being known, got the money handed over without any difficulty. When she received it she was considerably surprised at its weight, and, having already her suspicions, she felt through the thickness of the canvas and counted no fewer than fifty coins of various sizes, and by their weight she knew that a large proportion of them must be gold. This opened her eyes considerably.

When she got home she was astonished to find the old man out of bed and downstairs. Evidently he was waiting for her. He took the bag, and without opening weighed it in his hand, saying, "Ah, so they've sent it in silver!"

Now that she knew was not true, but she said nothing. Old Peter, still without opening the bag, gave her some money—which he must therefore have still had by him before she set out—and told her to go out at once and do her shopping in the village. Sarah accordingly set out; but, seeing that she had the average curiosity of her sex, I need not tell you she did not go far. She went in fact no further than the garden gate, and after giving a clatter to the latch, stole back toward the window of the room she had just quitted. There she saw old Peter returning from the window to his chair. It was evident he had been listening to make sure of her departure. Then he sat down and began to undo the bag containing the money. He had just broken the seal and was about to pour out the contents—and you may think how Sarah then sharpened

her eyes—when a thought seemed to occur to him. He got up, felt his way across to the window once more, and let down the blind.

Sarah was mightily put out by this unexpected rebuff to her curiosity, as well she might be; but though deprived of the ocular demonstration she had anticipated, her mental vision was henceforth clear. In a word, in spite of what old Peter had said to put her off, she saw gold—and a good deal more of it, now she came to think matters over, than was in the particular bag which she had brought back that day from the bank.

Being of a philosophic mind, she went off and fulfilled her errands. When she returned she found the old man sitting in his accustomed place, quite quiet and natural in his demeanor, and the window-blind up again. She stared round the room pretty hard, but she said nothing, nor did she see anything to give direction to her suspicions as to where the money might be stowed.

It seemed to Sarah a long time before she could get her father back to bed again, but he went at last. When she came down from seeing him comfortably settled for the night she had a regular turn-out in the hopes of finding where the hoard lay; not that she had any thought then of appropriating it to herself—that she would be sworn, as, indeed, there was occasion for her to do afterward—but she had a natural housekeeping dislike to a thing being about, with herself in ignorance of its whereabouts. Some day the old man might take it into his head to die suddenly, and what a waste then it would be to have to pull the house down in order to find it! She wanted also to know how much her father had managed to save—her curiosity was very natural. But it was not on that occasion satisfied. She sat down and thought the matter out. One practical result of her cogitations was that she let down the window-blind and cut in it a good, comfortable, round hole at a height easy for looking through from the outside. Then she bided her time, trusting to fortune.

She had not to wait long. Having her wits now well awake, she watched the old man as a cat watches a mouse. The very next evening, just as it grew dark, he sent her off, according to a custom of which she now recognized the significance, to buy him his half-ounce of snuff. This trick of laying in stock by small dribbles had always been a worry and an inconvenience to her. That was now explained—so also was his waiting until the time when the blinds would be safely drawn against in-lookers.

On this occasion his daughter got up to do his bidding with more hearty good will than usual. According to his habit, old Peter followed after her to the door to lock it against intruders during her absence—a performance which also had now acquired a fresh meaning to her. Sarah went down to the gate, opened and clicked it to, and straightway creeping back over the loose garden soil, took up her position outside the window, and applied her eye to the hole in the blind.

In the opposite wall of the room she now looked into was an old disused window, blocked up perhaps first in the days when windows were taxed or walled in when some lean-to, now no longer existing, was added to the cottage. In any case the window, both glass and framework, remained entire, with merely a white-washed wall at the back of it. Now and then, when the wind set from a certain quarter, it was opened the very few inches that were possible in order to counteract a descent of smoke from the chimney, since a draught out of some cranny or from below the floor thus found its way into the room.

To this window Sarah now saw her father feeling his way and knew all in a flash, half of exultation at the



She got out the bag . . . and emptied out its contents

discovery and half of chagrin at not having thought of it before, that the hoard must lie concealed somewhere on the further side.

She watched old Peter first fumbling with the hasp, then opening the case, then stooping and making a long arm, and finally rising again and fetching out a couple of bags into view. With these he advanced to the table, and she recognized the smaller of them as the one she had herself brought from the bank the day before. He got them on the board, opened first one and then the other, and poured out their contents.

Sarah saw in one heap by themselves something like a hundred and fifty gold sovereigns. In the other gold and silver lay mixed; the old man pushed forward an arm, feeling slowly and cautiously to make sure that the two heaps lay well divided; then he began counting the smaller one. Sarah noticed that he made mistakes now and again, putting sovereigns along with shillings and shillings with sovereigns. She saw him weighing and feeling to make sure of their size, till in the end he got matters right. She would have been surprised at his finding so much difficulty in judging by touch alone, but she knew that the sort of palsy which had come with old age had affected his sense of touch and destroyed his steadiness of hand; nor are hands that have been used all their days to outdoor labor so sensitive and informing by contact alone as perhaps yours and mine may be. In any case, it was apparent that old Peter had in the end—this being but one of many like sittings—been able to sort his gold from his silver and keep it sorted, making a hoard of the one and leaving the other for current expenditure.

Fixing her scrutiny on the smaller of the two piles, Sarah was able to make a fairly close reckoning of the amount that she had brought home to him. It would be, she thought, twenty pounds, two pounds of it being in silver. That meant, then, that her father had eighty pounds a year to live on; but the amount of money that actually came into her hands for household expenditure was something very much nearer to the quarterly allowance than to the whole sum. What she did not receive evidently went into the reserve fund, for as she watched she saw old Peter take twelve pounds from the dissected heap of gold and silver and transfer it to what might be termed his deposit account—that is to say, to his accumulated savings.

Sarah Booth till that moment had attended on her father in his old age and infirmity from no sordid motive or calculation of future advantage. She had, indeed, made a sacrifice, for she knew that his annuity died with him, and that only the small freehold cottage and garden would be hers after he was gone. She had come to look after him from a sense of family pride and decency, rather than from affection; but she had the right to feel that she had been and was a dutiful daughter to him, and her sense of justice revolted that she should have been led to give up a good situation, with its comfortable living, in order to aid and abet this old man, her father, in dragging out a life of sham penury—that all her management and economy and hard scrubbings and gardenings, with no help from outside, had been practiced to no end but to allow him to hoard up a little more gold in which his blind eyes could no longer take any delight and for which at his age he could have no prospective use. Undoubtedly, as she looked through her eye-hole in the blind and watched those miserly hands pawing over the gold sovereigns, Sarah felt aggrieved, and a little inclined to let her resentment have play. But there was something of the sporting instinct also in her mood: she had found old Peter out, had spotted him down, taken his exact measure, and—he did not know.

It gave her a sense of power and of possession. The knowledge that her father was not so dependent on her as he had pretended to be restored her independence also. The question was: How should she use it? She could, of course, go back to him now, declare all she knew, insist that if she stayed to look after him he should make her an allowance for the housekeeping according to his means. But it was just possible that he might find some way of rejecting any such ultimatum on her part; and Sarah, feeling defrauded, and having seen the glitter of that heap of gold, so much larger than any she had ever set eyes on before, was minded to stay and see that it was well spent—that no accident happened to it. It was impossible, in fact, for her not to be moved, and perhaps a little contaminated at heart, by the sight which had met her eye. And so in the end, determined to risk nothing, instead of breaking in and dropping thunderbolts on the old man, as she might have done, she let things stand as they were and went her way to the village, leaving him still scrabbling over his gold heap.

When she returned, having been gone hardly longer than usual, she found old Peter sitting under the mask of his affliction just as she had left him—the patient, resigned, almost reverent figure she knew of old.

But from that day the game of hide and seek began, and with it there came to Sarah a constantly growing sense of power, a power which became the more sweet to her in that she let no sign of it reach him. It was her secret; presently it became her mastering passion. Hitherto she had led a life of dull respectability in the employ of others, a dependant in petty authority without initiative. Life had not struck her before as specially interesting, nor had it occurred to her that humanity was an object worth studying. But now it was revealed to her, this life, this humanity, in a new and a romantic aspect—a thing to discover and pry into, to gloat over and experiment on. She was a woman unlikely ever to marry or have children, yet she had that harder domestic instinct which makes good nurses mothers, and housewives out of unlovable tyrannical characters. This possessive sense in her had never be-

fore found its full scope; even the household management which her father left to her of necessity had given her but small satisfaction, since he had not eyes to see how by hard labor she had impressed her individuality on her surroundings. Now, however, she exulted in the means of ascendancy secured to her by his infirmity. He had practiced concealment and evasion, keeping secret what she had every right to know. To her, therefore, it seemed fair enough to practice a corresponding deception, but before long what had started as a sort of game had become deadly earnest.

At the first safe opportunity, Sarah, you may be sure, did not neglect to make a strict investigation of the money bags. She found in the larger one rather more than she had expected—not far short, that is to say, of two hundred pounds. This was made up entirely of sovereigns. In the other were sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and silver. These coins had been separated, the gold from the silver, and knotted into opposite corners of a silk handkerchief—a development which she had missed sight of through having to prosecute her errand to the village.

Now, in a spirit of mischief or experiment, it occurred to Sarah to substitute among the gold a sixpence for a half-sovereign. Tying up the handkerchief again, she put it back into the smaller of the two bags, restored both to their hiding-place, and waited to see what the result would be.

It so happened that the very next market day gave her the demonstration she had expected. Old Peter, giving her the money for the weekly purchases, told her, as was his custom when the coin was gold, to be careful and not lose it. Sarah was delighted. "Lor! father," said she, "whatever are you thinking of? This is only a sixpence you've given me!"

The old man was very unwilling to believe her and asserted that he knew better—wasn't so blind as all that, he declared. She gave it him back. "Come and do the shopping for yourself, then," she said, "if you won't believe your own daughter. That's a sixpence you gave me, and not a penny more it wasn't. Not a penny!"



Against the eye-hole that she herself had made, she saw in the semi-obscurity of the moonlit night the shadow of a man

Peter was greatly perturbed, and Sarah sat down opposite to him and smiled, now quite pleased with herself. Her father handled the coin suspiciously and uneasily, shifted about in his chair, got up and sat down again, unable to keep still. All this Sarah watched with a comprehending eye. It was evident that he wanted to get her out of the house. But if he gave her nothing how was she to shop, and if he surrendered the impugned coin, which according to her was only sixpence, how was he afterward to dispute it?

Sarah was quite phlegmatic over the business. Whatever course he decided on, she had made her point. In the end he kept the sixpence and raked out of his pocket a couple of shillings more, saying that this was all he could afford, with the ten shillings gone somewhere, and that she must make it go as far as it would.

She went off submissively enough, and before long was round at the window watching. Sure enough, old Peter was out with his money bags, and to watch him, she told herself, was as good as a play. He brightened up wonderfully when, by dint of much testing, he recovered the missing half-sovereign from among the silver—for up to that time Sarah had taken nothing actually away, though she had begun to have out the money-bags and open them for her own amusement after she had got him to bed.

So, when she came back from market, she found him all right again, but saying nothing; and she understood that the fiction of a lost ten shillings was to be kept up and the housekeeping purse be stinted for a week in consequence.

The incident perhaps helped to remove any strong scruple that Sarah might up till then have retained. Anyway, from that date she began more definitely to scheme against old Peter's unfair miserliness, and to wonder how, comfortably and without suspicion, above all without spoiling her game, she might get things more into her own hands.

Matters were now at this pass: The old man, since his desire to be ever handling his gold increased as time went on, was forever waiting for his daughter's back to be turned, and she was forever giving him the opportunity he sought. And as the delight of secret watching grew strong in her, so gradually did a love of the gold itself work its way into her heart. She

wanted to possess. It was unreasonable, she knew; for she had only to wait till the old man was in bed to possess it just as much as he did. It was as safe in his keeping as in hers. But she could not forget that he had deceived her and was unfairly stinting her, that she worked harder than was necessary, and lived with him on a poorer scale than he had any right to expect. Nor can you play the game of cat and mouse continually without the predatory instinct getting some hold upon you. With the money under her eyes—hers and yet not hers—Sarah became more and more covetous of its possession, but could not yet see her way to become possessed of the one joy without thereby defrauding herself of the other.

The next quarter-day was drawing near, and Sarah, who had hopes that her father might again be too indisposed to go himself to the Bank, had the disappointment of seeing him keeping in his usual health and strength, though both were of a failing character. In spite of a wet season his rheumatism seemed to have left him.

But being well resolved now to prosecute her purpose, she made preparation to suit the circumstances. So in company when the day came they visited the Bank, set out and home again, old Peter carrying the money-bag safe in his own pocket.

Now Sarah knew quite well that nothing would induce him to open it in her presence, and that immediately on their return he would invent some excuse for getting her out of the house so that he might count over his money in solitude. So, as she was getting tea ready, Sarah, in taking the kettle off the fire, let it slip through her hand, tilt, and spill.

Old Peter was informed by a lusty scream that his daughter had got her foot scalded. She made a great to-do with it, bandaged her shoe up in rags, and walked lame. After that there was no getting her out of the house again that night.

The old man fussed and fumed, inventing wants of this and that or the other—things she might perhaps be able to get for him from a neighbor; but their

nearest neighbor was a quarter of a mile away, the cottage standing lonely in its own lane, and Sarah declared that she could hobble no further than the wash-house and back again. This she did, giving him just time to slip his bag away into its hiding-place. After that her foot began to get better, and when old Peter suggested that she should get to bed early and lie up with it, leaving him to follow when so inclined, she declared she had too much cleaning and mending to do, and shouldn't think of bed much before eleven.

Old Peter tried to sit her out, but it was no good; when she saw that was his game she opened the door and let the fire out, till the room got too cold for his old limbs. Then to quicken him she declared that they would both go, and by that at last got him upstairs.

No sooner did she hear him get into bed than down she came again, with a fine scheme all ready and waiting to be put into execution. She got out the bag that he had brought home that day and emptied out its contents. The amount was twenty pounds—eighteen pounds in gold, two pounds in silver. To replace these, Sarah put in from a store that she had provided beforehand eighteen shillings, ten florins, and eight half-crown coins—easy for the fingers to reckon with.

It was a simple piece of artifice, and yet ingenious when you come to think of it, since it left nothing with which the shillings could be compared and so be found wanting. Old Peter was so certain the

bag contained twenty pounds that only by being put out of his reckoning would he be likely to come to think otherwise. Sarah was still playing the game with some caution. It was a sporting venture. She put three pounds of what she had now taken into the large bag of sovereigns—making the total there just what it should be (their temporary withdrawal had been the chief risk of the proceeding)—and pocketed the rest.

Scarcely had she done this than she fancied she heard a creak upon the stairs. In another moment there could be no doubt of it. Old Peter had got up from his bed and was softly and slowly descending.

"The old cheat!" thought Sarah to herself. "Why, he must have got into bed with his clothes on!"

She had only just time to get the bags back into their nook without noise and the window hushed—that was the most difficult thing to do silently—when her father's hand fell about the door handle without. In her trepidation she blew out the light. This, of course, made no difference so far as old Peter was concerned—darkness and light being all one to him, except when the latter was right before his eyes—but it made the situation rather trying for Sarah. She had to trust to her ears alone to guess what went on, and to keep out of reach of the blind man as he moved about the room. She backed into a corner, held her breath, and waited. Evidently old Peter was nervous, afraid of being overheard. Twice he went back to the door and listened. Dead silence convinced him at last that his daughter had not been disturbed. He came on again, unheeded the little window that Sarah had so lately shut, and got out his money-bags. She heard their muffled chink as he carried them across the room, the soft rattle of the coins as they slipped out on the table, and then—"tink-a-tink"—the slow counting over of them began.

To Sarah's ears the light chink of the pieces as they fell one upon the other was unmistakably silvery; but she heard the old man muttering through his arithmetic in undisturbed tones, and presently began to breathe more freely. It was evident that he suspected nothing.

How strange, if you come to think about it, was this obsession of an old blind man! His blindness had

(Continued on opposite page)



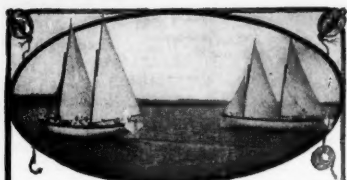
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TWO VIEWS OF DIVORCE IN FICTION

By ROBERT BRIDGES

DIVORCE, as a subject for fiction, is in great favor at present. The natural evolution of a topic for popular fiction seems to be through the daily press to the comic papers, to the woman's clubs, to the pulpit, to bar associations, to men's clubs, to a novel that is well advertised. The thing is in the air for three or four years before it really gets on to the book-stalls. We have become fairly accustomed to modern divorce, and accept it as a matter of course, as we do the X-rays. Yet a few years ago both were sensational. It is difficult now for the reader to get very warm over fictitious marital troubles. Lawyers pretty generally agree that there should be a uniform law for all the States, and by and by it will come just as naturally as the national bankruptcy law. Preachers seem to agree that it is too easy, but show a readiness to accept fees for remarriages. Several of the strongest Churches stand firmly against both divorce and remarriage. Men and women generally are rather cynical about the whole matter, and poetry and romance have felt its blighting chill.

The most recent novel on the subject is "He That Eateth Bread with Me," by H. A. Mitchell Keays—a woman, for no man ever dared to write about "a dainty little gray embroidered grenadine, edged about the pretty, round throat with purple velvet pansies." From the first page to the last the story is keyed up to the divinely impossible Katharine, the wronged wife, who loves and suffers and endures through two death-bed scenes (which were pulled out of the fire by an Agnostic Doctor) and a railway accident, by which the seductive lady with the copper-gold hair and pink-and-white complexion is suddenly "removed" in perfect health. Psychologically a fast express is a very weak device to restore the erring husband to his one and only real wife (who always looked on his second marriage as a mere legal interlude). But Katharine can be trusted to get some suffering out of even this stroke of good luck. She got what she wanted, "yet in a way her return to him will be the greatest sacrifice she has yet made for him." Poor restored husband! The fast express was unkind to him.

Robbed of its fine writing and emotional sprees, the author has depicted in this novel with considerable force the state of mind of a refined woman who believes that marriage is indissoluble and finds herself deceived and deserted by the husband she loves and who had loved her. That is also the attitude in "Let No Man Put Asunder," by Basil King. Readers of "Anna Karenina" will recall that the wronged husband came round to that point of view—though from entirely different motives. How Tolstoi's great novel, written a quarter of a century ago, towers above these pigmies of fiction! It is as modern as though it had been finished last week in Chicago.

In the current number of Robert Grant's serial, "The Undercurrent," two divorces in Newport high life are impending, and the struggle of a woman of high ideals and small

resources to accept the legal relief as a solution for her troubles is, evidently, to furnish the third example in the story. Mr. Grant approaches the problem not only as an experienced social satirist and writer of fiction, but through many years of observation as a Judge of Probate in Boston, where motives are apt to be sifted down to their original molecules.

The lawyer in this story, Gordon, puts the case for the State, as opposed to the Church, very clearly: "It seems to me that if my wife had been false to me and my love for her were dead, I would not allow such a sentiment—and it is only a sentiment—to tie me forever to a woman who was no longer my wife, except in name. Your life is before you. Why should a vitiated contract be a bar between you and happiness?"

All the novels, and plays like Sardou's "Divorçons," fall into these two categories—those advocating the indissoluble character of marriage and those approving of divorce for cause. It is one phase of the old contest between Church and State, and the solution of it is a long way off.

Whichever view prevails, there can be little divergence of opinion as to the main cause of the trouble. Divorce prevails because material standards prevail. This applies to rich and poor alike. Loyalty to an idea, which used to be so potent, is old-fashioned. Capitalist and workman both want to see definite results from their endeavors. If they do not materialize, throw them over and try something new! The mind gets little satisfaction from following an old ideal. It is restless and impatient, and must be consoled with new ideas.

The women have this same restless mind demanding material novelties. If they are rich, amusement becomes their meat and drink. One of them in Mr. Grant's story "intimated politely, but clearly, that I bored her—said we did not care for the same things." What moral obligation, or legal, can justify perpetual boredom! Therefore, change partners all around!

Some people solve the trouble or make it easy by having three or four houses and three or four changes of climate in a year. Keep the eye and mind busy with new sensations, and the old obligation may not gall.

But the step from several homes to several wives or husbands is often very easy. New conditions demand new companions; the wife who helped make a fortune is not the one to help spend it. We change religions, politics, businesses, and friends so often and so easily—why not change wives or husbands?

Moreover, there has been a serious breakdown in the belief in immortality. One wife for eternity may have been an appalling prospect to some, but four or five seemed incongruous and often humorous. However, if the present life is all there is of it, the average American wants to make the most of it, and is not going to stay bored through loyalty to a faded ideal. That is pretty nearly at the root of the whole trouble.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

caused him to give up tobacco and take to snuff instead, but it had not made him lose the joy of handling the yellow metal whose color he could no longer see, whose sound even—not that he was dull of hearing—he could no longer with any certainty distinguish, whose weight his trembling old hands could no longer properly appreciate. And yet the love of his gold was stronger in him than it had ever been. It was becoming each day more furtive and more passionate. Sarah had seen him spread out his pile of gold sovereigns and bury his face in them, take them up one by one, and lay them against the lids of his blind eyes, as one lays coins on the lids of a corpse to give to dead eyes the appearance of rest; and, watching this miserable exhibition of base human folly, Sarah's heart had felt neither the shrinkings of disgust nor the meltings of pity. It had become infected, corrupted, and debased, till the covetous desire of gold had grown in her also, along with that other desire, which perhaps can run to more cruel extremes still—the desire to have mastery

over another soul. Her old dotard father was now a puppet in her hands, of which she pulled the strings in order that she might watch the workings.

But she had not yet probed all the mysteries of the poor human heart. Presently, as she listened, she was startled to hear sobbing and a dull metallic note, as though the money lying upon the table was being softly pushed about under the pressure of face or palm. "Oh, I am so poor, so very poor!" quavered the old voice in a depth of maudlin self-pity, indescribably forlorn. And again and again came the cry, faintly uttered, "I am so poor, so poor!"

Then there was silence, till at last his daughter thought he must have fallen asleep where he sat. The room was very cold; gradually light stole into it. The late moon had risen; before long its radiance fell upon the blind. Through the hole she had cut in it came a small disk of clearer light; it lay upon the wall near her like a large white coin slipping by degrees to ground. Presently some form intervened; the disk, dis-

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Roof/Leak?

appearing from the wall, alighted on the old man's shoulder as he sat at the table bowed over his gold. Sarah, who believed in death-ticks and all such portents, wondered superstitiously if this betokened death; but before she could seriously entertain the thought he had moved from his recumbent posture.

In the obscurity she saw him gather up the two piles separately and restore each to its bag and its accustomed hiding-place, and, having hasped up the window, feel his way cautiously back to the door by which he had entered. Straining her ears, she heard him ascend the stair and re-enter his room. She then relighted her candle and made a practical investigation to assure herself of the success of her device. Finding that twelve shillings had been transferred to the larger of the two bags, she smiled as if satisfied, put the hoard back into its hiding-place, and, after waiting a safe time, stole softly to bed.

Sarah had now found out that to old Peter's dulled perception shillings and pounds were very much alike, and the certain knowledge of this made the temptation too strong to be withstood. Little by little, lest too sudden a change in the weight of the bags should attract his attention, Sarah took over the gold into her own keeping, and before long had by substitution left her father nothing but silver.

She may have held that the ruse did him no wrong. It deprived him of no pleasure or benefit that was otherwise his, while it left her free to add as she thought fit to the comforts of the home. Old Peter, if he thought anything, ought to have thought his daughter a wonderful manager. Sarah, having the gold secure in her own hands, was not so purely the miser as not to expend a portion in satisfying her housewifely pride, which had so long been stinted of means; in fact, she was not miserly in the true sense at all. She was naturally a saving woman, but it was rather graspingness than hoarding that was her passion, and she cared very much for the look of things, and to stand well in the envy of her neighbors.

Old Peter did not guess how smart bit by bit things were becoming all about him. When his daughter got in help for the garden, she declared that she was doing it out of her own earnings, and that it would pay for itself in results. Apparently it did, since her housekeeping cost him no more than formerly—no more, that is to say, so far as he knew. Meanwhile the double secrecy of their relations to each other went on, and as it was the comfort of his life to have out his money in his daughter's absence and count it over, so it became the delight of hers to watch him doing it, and to see him handle so cherishingly the silver she had given him in exchange for gold. Two days hardly ever passed without their coming together for an indulgence that had become second nature to both.

Sarah was more bold in her procedure; what she had loved best was to sit in the room with him unknown, and watch each movement he made and every expression of his face.

In order to secure this dearest joy for herself she started a practice of pretending to go across to one of her neighbors a little before her father's bedtime, leaving him to find his way up to bed by himself when he liked. As this gave him a fresh opportunity of paying a visit to his hoard, he raised no objection and consented to be locked up in the house during her absence, since he would be in bed before she returned.

Sarah would take the key from the inside of the lock, open the house-door, shut it again, put in the key and turn it, pull it out once more, slip it into her pocket, and creep back to the room where her father was sitting. Under cover of the stir he made in opening the wall-window and reaching after his money-bags she found no difficulty in getting back to her carefully arranged vantage-ground. Then, with only the table between them, she would sit and watch him, and now and again would reach out very cautiously and substitute a shilling for a pound among the outlying coins while he was engaged in counting up his piles of tens; and doing it she felt with a keen sense of satisfaction how the reins of power were really passing from his hands into hers. Power—that was what she loved.

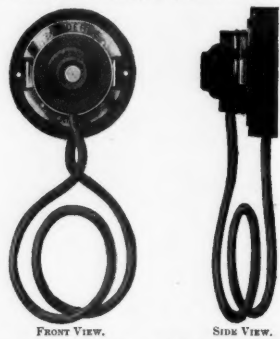
Before long she had gone further still. Led on by his helplessness into experiment, and feeling her way with fresh tests of the dulness of his wits, she would remove a coin here and there from some pile that was waiting to be recounted, so as to make the total come wrong, would withhold it until she had driven him to count over and over again, each time more perplexed and desperate, and finally would restore it and let the reckoning come right. A cruel trick, but habit sweetened it to her, for she felt indeed then that she had him, body and mind, in her own keeping; also it made the deception safer to maintain—the old man was beginning to be unsure of himself, and would count many times over, even when the results came right. And yet she would wonder, as she heard the light clink of the silver pieces, that he did not detect a difference in the quality. This was, perhaps, because she herself had become an adept, and with her eyes shut could tell by sound and touch the white metal from the yellow. That, surely, was a strange game for any one to look at, played across the table, week in, week out, by the blind old man and the middle-aged woman with the hard face and the cold beady brown eyes.

During this time old Peter kept his health fairly well—not that he went out much, but he was able when quarter-day came round to go as usual down to the Bank.

Every one in the neighborhood, and those who knew him by sight from his periodical comings into the town, knew what his errand was at these particular dates; and "There

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God!" he cried, "Oh, God, I am going mad! I can't see, I can't see! Oh, for one moment, just for one moment, give me back my sight; or how shall I ever know?"

Sarah had been holding her breath so long that now as she let it go it issued in a faint sigh. Old Peter sprang suddenly to his feet. "Who's there?" he cried, sharp as a pistol crack, and hung half-crouched, his hands out to guard his treasure.

Sarah had risen at the same time, cool and self-possessed, still hoping to ward off discovery; lest he should reach out and touch her she drew back and held herself rigid, strung to her last muscle.

"Who are you?" cried old Peter again. "Some one is there; you have been robbing me! Where is all my gold? how much have you taken of it? Ah, I'm blind, I'm blind! Sarah, Sarah, come down! They are robbing me!"

As he thus cried aloud, he began in frantic haste to clutch up all the money he could lay hold of and tumble it back into its bag. In a wonderfully short time he had cleared the board. Thus bulked it became a formidable weapon in the hands of a man, even though old and feeble, nerved to desperate defence of his property. He reared it up with a threatening gesture.

Sarah saw him about to advance toward her. She was in a corner, with only one way for escape—the table was between them. She was hoping even now that persistent silence on her part would make him believe he was mistaken. Then it struck her that if he came nearer he might discover the light that stood behind her on the bureau. Across the back of a chair a shawl lay handy. Catching it up, she threw it over the lantern, completely muffling it.

As she did so, as the natural gloom of the place asserted itself, the widow became the most illumined point in the room; and there against the blind, and against the eye-hole that she herself had made, she saw in the semi-obscure of the moonlit night the shadow of a man, the motionless shadow of one watching.

Terror and dismay seized her. She uttered a low cry, and stood self-betrayed. In another moment the blind man had sprung upon her, lifting up his bag to strike. She struggled to get past him, and, unable to, shrank back, crying aloud: "Don't, don't, father! It's me—Sarah!" It seemed as though the suddenly revealed truth did but add to his terror and rage. All at once a stunning blow from a dull metallic weight, that chinked as it descended, fell on her, striking her out of her senses to earth.

When Sarah came to herself again all was dark and silent. A gust of cold air told that the outer door stood open. Search proved that she alone remained in the house. Old Peter and his money-bags were gone.

In the remaining hours of the night she waited, expecting that he would return, wondering, perhaps, how much she would be obliged to admit if accused. But when it began to grow light a new fear impelled her into action. It would never do for the story to get abroad; and her father might possibly have gone to seek shelter and protection at some neighbor's door. It was necessary, therefore, for her to go and bring him in.

Her head was still dizzy from the blow she had received, but she dared not wait. She hurried up the lane in the direction of the nearest group of cottages.

The event proved that she need not have hurried. She came on the old man lying by the side of the way with placid face upturned, quite dead. His throat bore marks of rough handling, his clothes gave signs that a struggle had taken place. The money-bag, which his dead hands still crooked to clutch, was gone.

That, afterward, was traced; and the man in whose possession it was found did not attempt, in the face of his graver danger, to deny the charge of robbery and violence of which he stood accused. But no murder could be proved against him. Failure of the heart's action was the medical verdict when the coroner held his court. There the incriminated man elected to give evidence, and, having been duly cautioned, gave it.

Truly he had a tale to tell of what had gone on under his eye as he watched at the window-blind.

Sarah, too, entered the witness-box and bowed her head to the judgment passed on her by the world. She never lifted it again. And though she gave old Peter a funeral that all the world turned out to see, and in due course raised a costly marble emblem over his remains, she never righted herself in men's eyes.

She sold the cottage, and, with the proceeds of the sale and what remained of her ill-gotten gold, passed out of the district. Chadsy heard of her no more.

□ □

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Not Honorably Discharged

(Continued from page 15)

First and foremost I'll look up Bishop Brooks. He'll be high speritchelly, I desay, as he was in this world; but I'll hear him speak and get the shine of his eyes on me again, and have him speak to mother. Well, I must look out and see how the country looks so's to tell mother. I declare, I'm that eager it's like my first trip to Boston way when ma couldn't keep me still. I'm glad there ain't nobody in front or behind of me to remark my antics. Say, Jonas, you must look out, here's Montserrat!"

Montserrat showed only the tattered and winter-pillaged remnant of her arboreal beauty. The black lace-work of vines over the station walls, the leafless trees, or the snow-laden shrubs around it, and the wide, white plain could but feebly recall the orderly loveliness of summer. But the sea shone presently at West Manchester, blue and dazzling in a rift of sunshine; and the old man smiled as he put away in his mind every violet shadow on the snow, every white blaze of hillside. "I'd most be willing to live a little longer," he thought, "tis such a sightly world. But I got my discharge." At Magnolia a single passenger, a girl with a bundle, climbed into a waiting wagon on runners, which crunched and squeaked up the snowy road through the fir trees, a bleak contrast to the noisy bustle which the summer had used to pour out on the platform. West Gloucester lay deserted, screened by its dense white forests. Jonas looked about him, at the vacant car of which now he was the sole occupant; he experienced a curious longing for human intercourse, for some parting token of that deep underlying kindness which man has for his brother, because of their common lot. When the brakeman gave him a segment of a ruddy young face through a half-open door, calling "Gloucester: do not leave any articles in the cars!" he rose quickly so as to speak to the youth before he went.

But the words were not said. The old man stood as if palsied, staring at the car seat. On its dingy plush lay a picture framed in red and bronze: the picture which he had put away with his own hands in Cambridge; the same, yet not the same, for on the pictured face was stamped a look of reproach and warning never there before.

With shaking hands Jonas lifted the portrait. No one had sat in the seat and he had passed it on his path into the car. He could remember just the sprawling stain disfiguring the red plush—the stain which the picture had hidden, but which was plain and black now. That picture was not on it then. There could not be two such pictures framed exactly alike, with the resemblance complete down to the detail of a chipped right hand corner. It was Jonas's picture. But this melancholy and solemn appeal was not in his picture. Jonas sat down. Unheeding, he looked into the wonderful eyes, while the train moved out of the Gloucester station and sped over the snow to Rockport. "Is this how you answer me? Don't you want me to do it?" he was crying inaudibly. "Oh, let me, please! I have done everything you asked me, for these twenty years. Now—I can't. Why, Dr. Brooks, Dr. Brooks, I couldn't go to the poorhouse! And that's where—I haven't grudged rich folks their luxuries. I was willing, cheerful willing to live plain. Why, Bishop, I didn't have a meat dinner three times last month, or any other meal with meat, either. But I have got to feel I don't owe no man. I fought for my country and she won't recognize it 'cause my captain's dead and he mixed my name up—I don't blame him; if you see him, you tell him I don't blame him; but I ain't got no chance there. I haven't any of my own folks alive, and my friends are poor's I am. And I'm growing blind. Dr. Brooks, I can't bear it—Ilemme look off a minute and then come back and look your old way at me, for God's sake, Dr. Brooks; and let a useless, tired old man go home!"

But when he saw the eyes again, though there was immeasurable pity in them, they were warning, prohibiting him, still.

"But I got my discharge, I ain't deserting," the old soldier pleaded.

The brakeman pushed his entire robust presence, breathing fresh air, into the car. "Hullo, grandpa," he hailed jovially, "you got carried on? Well, jest set still; I'll fetch you back; we turn round at Rockport, y' know." He was tipping the seats over in preparation for the return.

Jonas wearily moved his head to pick up the picture which he had laid beside him. There was no picture on the seat!

He inspected the floor; he rose and searched the seats in front and behind, without result. The portrait, his own portrait, had vanished. Awestruck, Jonas crumpled up in his old place. He had no thought of revolt. "I didn't sense it was wrong," Bishop, murmured he, wiping the slow tears away, "but I know you know best. I'll not try to desert, since desertion it would be; and one comfort, I'm nigh the allotted span. It won't be as hard waiting for mother as for me, that's more comfort. I won't disappoint you, Bishop, after you've took all this trouble to show me my duty."

The low afternoon sun was gilding the State-house dome as a pale and haggard old man caught sight of it on the Harvard Bridge, returning homeward. Almost the same instant, he caught sight of something else in a passing car, a young girl in a big hat waving for the motorman to stop. He was too spent to wonder much even when Delight Carney, with her eyes lustrous with emotion and her cheeks burning, boarded

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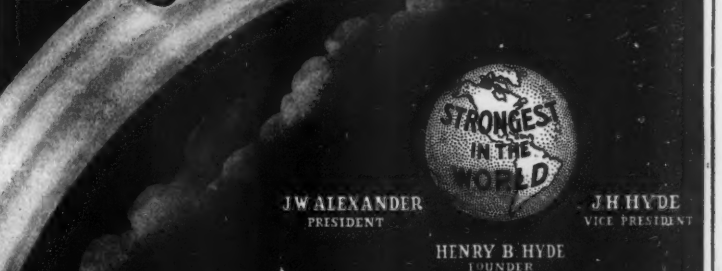
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the car. She gasped a queer little laugh
and squeezed his nearest hand, reckless that
the people were watching her and pleasantly
misinterpreting her little drama. "Oh, but
I've been scared about you—scared to
death!" she began, with a hysterical laugh.
Instinctively the slower masculine mind
righted her feminine incoherence. "Keep
cool, Dely, that's a good girl. What'll folks
say!" he soothed.

But she only gurgled a staccato compound
of a laugh and a sob. "I don't care, now
I've got you back! Oh, I was so scared."
"What scared you, daughter? Speak low,
so the folks don't hear."

"Something came for you; Barney Mar-
tin brought it over. It came to the shop
last night after you'd gone; and the boss
gave it to him; so he brought it over; he's
waiting at the house now, I guess, for he
said he'd come back. And I was going out
to try find you in Gloucester—"

"But why? I don't understand!"
"Because—because, you see, after he left
I took it up to your room to be waiting for
you and give you a beautiful surprise; and
—oh-h! Uncle Jonas, I saw the things on the
table and the envelope to me to be opened
at five—"

"You didn't open it, daughter? It ain't
five—"

"No, I didn't open it; I haven't forgotten
what you taught me so much as that, but
I went downstairs, and the two Rooneys
were there—they told 'bout your making
your will, and how they witnessed it—I
got terrified. I guess I was plenty scared
before. But here you are, all right! And
here—here's the envelope from Washington.
I didn't tell you I went to some of the
Trinity Church ladies and told them about
you, and they stirred them up in Washing-
ton. And I got a letter from one of them,
yesterday, saying the lawyer was pretty sure
you'd get it. Barney thinks for sure this is
it." She pushed the long envelope into his
hands while he could only stare. But he
made a stand for his lifelong habit of
reticence.

"Don't wiggle so, Dely!" commanded
he in a quivering voice, "folks will think
we're crazy. I guess we'll git off and
walk now." She walked him into a quiet
back street and promptly fell on his neck
and hugged him. He opened his paper and
his face changed solemnly; his lips moved.
Dely jumped up and down, all the Celt in
her affame.

"Three thousand dollars! Oh, Uncle
Jonas! Now you can open your shop,
your own shop, and Barney will help you,
and I'll keep house for you—for you both."

"Is that why Barney has been here so
much, daughter? Well, well, I guess I'll
have to give you your wedding."

They walked home together. He would
not return her the unopened envelope, but
he confessed his purpose.

"And what would I do without you?"
she cried.

"But you have Barney."
"And how'd I keep Barney straight with-
out you?"

They were standing outside his room
door. He kissed her as her father might.
"Well, I ain't thinking no more forever of
it. I guess the good Lord knows better'n
us when a man's usefulness is ended. Now,
daughter, you go down and help your mother.
I'll follow soon."

She nodded, and, almost in reverence,
after he had passed in and closed his door,
she went softly down the hall.

He lighted the gas to gaze about him;
his eyes last of all went to the little marble-
topped table. The packet was untouched.
As he opened it, his fingers were cold.

The picture of Bishop Brooks lay on top,
and the face wore the old gentle and hope-
ful smile.

THE NECESSARY VOTE

(Continued from page 19)

It was an out-and-out fight for control of
the party machinery now; one or the other
would have to rule, and the weaker would
have to make the best terms he could with
the victor when the test came. After all,
according to Carroll, Craig was only one
man, but there could be no doubt that Wade
knew how to make the most of the man.

Thus matters stood when the scene was
transferred to Springfield just previous to
the opening of the session. Wade had put
forward Henry Wellington as a candidate
for Speaker, and Craig had accepted him
without question.

"Perhaps he isn't the very best man,"
Wade explained, "but he is the most avail-
able one for our purpose. He's certainly
better than Mackin, who would be the tool
of Carroll and Higbie, and would make up
the committees in accordance with the
wishes of the hoodlums. It's a very sim-
ple thing for the Speaker to make graft
easy or difficult—a little juggling with one
or two committees will do it. I know how
to prevent this, and some of the indepen-
dents and country members ought to be
willing to help me. Talk it up a little,
Azro. It's the chance of a lifetime to beat
the 'machine.'"

Craig did talk it up a little in his blunt
way, and his talk was reasonably effective.
There is always an undercurrent of oppo-
sition to the "machine," especially among
the country members, but it is too often
weak and vacillating. Men fear that open
opposition will destroy their usefulness to
their districts, and many of them fear to
be called traitors to the party if they in-
terfere with what seem to be the party
plans. But here was a chance to win. True,
it was only a split in the "machine," but
why not make the most of it? Why not

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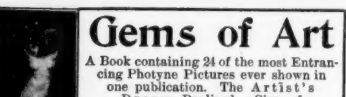
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give their strength to the faction that was the least objectionable, if only to overthrow the other?

Thus Craig argued, and Craig was known to be as fierce an anti-"machine" man as any of them. Thus, also, Wade argued with the leaders of the reform element. It was their chance, he said, to accomplish something—not so much as they might wish, perhaps, but still enough to materially improve conditions. They were not strong enough to force the selection of a man of their choice on either party, and when the vote came their men would divide on party lines. The speakership was a party question, with which the pledges they held had nothing to do, but they could exert considerable influence. Their aim was honest legislation, aside from purely political matters, and here was the opportunity to lay an honest foundation that would be of incalculable value later, for the mere knowledge that they favored the defeat of Mackin would turn some Republican votes to Wellington.

"Give me an interview for publication at the proper time," Wade said to the secretary of the organization. "You may carefully explain that you are speaking personally and not in your official capacity, that the pledges exacted have nothing to do with purely party questions, but that it seems to you, as an individual, a grievous mistake to give control of the House to the spoils-men. That's all I ask, and you know how important it is to you that Carroll shall not rule."

The secretary knew that Wade was a politician, but not a boodler. There could be no doubt that he had his own ends to serve, but he was infinitely preferable to Carroll; so, after some hesitation, he agreed to the plan.

Still, the battle was far from won. Neither side could be sure of a clear majority in a party caucus, but Wade knew that Carroll's game was blocked, and he decided that the time had come to make the really important move. He sought Carroll, to put the case to him bluntly.

"Your man can't win in a thousand years," he said. "There is no possible combination of circumstances that can give him the full Republican vote. The hayseed contingent, that my friend Craig has rounded up, wouldn't vote for Mackin if he was the last man on earth, but you can deliver your votes to Wellington. I can hold mine, but I can't deliver them."

"A deuce of a nice job you've made of it, haven't you?" growled Carroll.

"Just cut that out," retorted Wade sharply. "You tried to 'do' me and I had to protect myself. I've done it, I guess. At any rate, I've got the opposition all under one banner, and they'll fight Mackin to the last ditch. Some of them won't even be bound by caucus rule. I've shown them a chance to win, and they're bitter. If it comes to a fight, they'll force a compromise that won't do you a bit of good. And you're weaker than you think you are. Look here!" Wade pulled a carbon copy of the interview he had secured from his pocket and handed it to Carroll. "Will the publication of that help you to organize the House?" he asked. "You're having trouble holding some men in line now. They don't like you, they don't like what you stand for, but in a speakership fight they want to be with the party. All they want is an excuse to break away—just an intimation that you're not so much of the party as you claim to be. I tell you, Carroll, you're up against a stone wall, and I built the wall."

"But I can beat you!" exclaimed Carroll. "If I have to turn down Mackin, I can swing to a man who will suit your highly moral bunch a whole lot better than Wellington does."

"But you won't," said Wade, with an unpleasant smile. "You won't, because you couldn't make the terms that you can with me. You won't, because such a man wouldn't let you control a single important committee, and Wellington will. You won't, because I need you, and the reformers and hayseeds don't. If I need you, I've got to look out for you a little."

"What are you after?" asked Carroll, suspiciously. "Nothing much this session, but," meaningly, "at the next we elect a United States Senator. The wise man looks ahead, and control now can be used to make greater strength then, especially if a fellow has a check on the wise boys who are avaricious. I am looking for power, Carroll; that's all. If it has to be bought, I know how to buy it. You can name the two best committees—any two that you may select, barring only those that I need for political purposes. I'll concede that much, Carroll, but no more. You see, I can't trust you—I need you, but I've got to have a check on you to hold you in line. I may decide to go to the Senate myself."

Carroll scowled, but he knew that Wade had him in a corner. His man was already beaten, apparently. By making a fight he might drag Wade down to defeat with him and force the selection of a man that neither could control, but he would gain nothing, while there would be excellent "commercial" opportunities in the control of two strong committees, especially when he could rely on certain Democrats in all but strictly party questions. Still, he was not prepared to surrender without making one last desperate effort, so he merely agreed to consider the matter.

"If I could only win that hayseed," he muttered, "I could break him yet. Confound it! he's as much the 'machine' as I am. Why can't the yahoo be made to see it? If he broke away, it would split that little bunch of country members and the whole thing would go to pieces."

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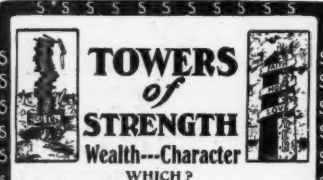


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But the yahoo was blind and deaf. Three different men, Carroll himself being the last, tried to show him that he was being used for "machine" purposes, that he was aiding the worst "machine" ever known in the State—a "machine" that was for a man and not for a party. Craig would not argue the question; he simply made a statement in his blunt way.

"Wade's my friend," he said, simply. "You all been clever to my vote, but he was clever to me. Them reformers took me by the nose an' tried to lead me, but he took me by the arm an' it was jest man an' man goin' together. Why, he left off his spike-tail coat at a swell dinner so's to be with me, while you was tryin' to sell me out an' put in a Democrat. He's my friend, I tell you—my friend, not my vote's friend, an' I know he's all right."

Then Carroll surrendered. "It's all up," he told Higbie. "Pass the word to Mackin that he's got to draw out at the last minute, but that he's fixed for a committee chairmanship. Wellington is to be Speaker. That hayseed—just one vote—has done the business."

Something of this was rumored in other circles, and many people, knowing nothing of the finer points of practical politics, wondered and speculated. "Isn't it marvelous," they said, "the way Wade gets hold of people?"

□ □

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III. Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 10,000 words. The preferable length for use in the Weekly is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the award of prizes.

IV. All manuscript must be typewritten, laid flat, or folded in its envelope—in other words it must not be rolled. It must not be signed, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and CONTAINING a card or slip of paper with the writer's full name and address written on it. Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on this envelope or on the manuscript itself or any matter sent with the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.

V. As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase any of the manuscripts which have failed to win a prize, but which he considers suitable for publication in the Weekly. All such stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word, except in the cases of authors whose recognized rate is higher than this amount, in which instance the author's regular rate will be paid.

VI. The copyright of the three stories winning prizes is to vest absolutely in COLLIERS WEEKLY. All other stories which fail to win a prize, but are acceptable for publication in the Weekly, will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word for the serial rights only.

VII. All MSS. must be mailed on or before June 1, 1904. That is, although a story may reach us a week later than this day, should the envelope bear the post-office stamp with the name of the starting-point and the date of June 1, 1904, or any date previous to that, the MS. will be considered eligible for the contest.

Every story will be carefully read and considered, but the awards having once been made, the greatest despatch possible will be used in returning manuscripts to their authors.

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